



No. 314.—Vol. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1899.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



[Photo by Bullingham, South Kensington.]

THE HON. WILLIAM JOHN LYDSTON POULETT, THE SON OF THE LATE EARL POULETT BY HIS THIRD WIFE.

*The Earl declared that this boy, who is sixteen, was his rightful successor. The legal world promises us an exciting discussion concerning the rival claims of the Organ-grinder, who has for many years claimed the title of Lord Hinton, and desires to prove that he is the son of the late Earl Poulett by his first wife.*



## HOW PARR'S BANK WAS SWINDLED.

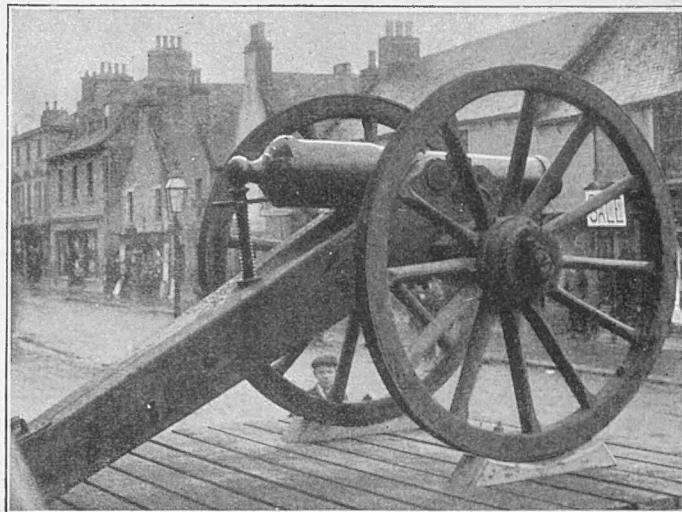
On Monday afternoon, Jan. 23, the authorities at Parr's Bank, Bartholomew Lane, became aware that notes to the value of £60,610 had been abstracted from a drawer in the bank. The sum was made up as in the following table—

£36,000 in notes of £1000 each.				
11,000	"	"	500	"
1,400	"	"	200	"
12,100	"	"	100	"
110	"	"	5	"

The notes were kept in a drawer situated well within the counter, and inaccessible to any but persons inside the counter, which was protected by a three-foot-high "gridiron." The drawer is under the constant supervision of the clerks, and the three ways of access to it from the public part of the house were so circuitous as to seem impossible.

Late on Monday the theft was discovered, and a search was instituted. The employes readily consented to undergo the delicate process of a personal search, the managers, at their own request, being also searched. This, however, led neither to discovery nor clue. On Tuesday the police, by the advice of the bank's solicitors, published the numbers of the missing notes, and £1000 reward was offered for such information as would lead to their recovery. Provincial and Continental centres were notified in this manner. The next sensation was the discovery on Wednesday evening of the cardboard wrappings of the lost notes. These were found by the night-watchman in the bank lavatory, to

## SOME RELICS OF THE SEAFORTHS.



GUN CAPTURED AT OMDURMAN BY THE SEAFORTHS AND PRESENTED TO THE BURGH OF DINGWALL.

Photo by Munro, Dingwall.



PARR'S BANK.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

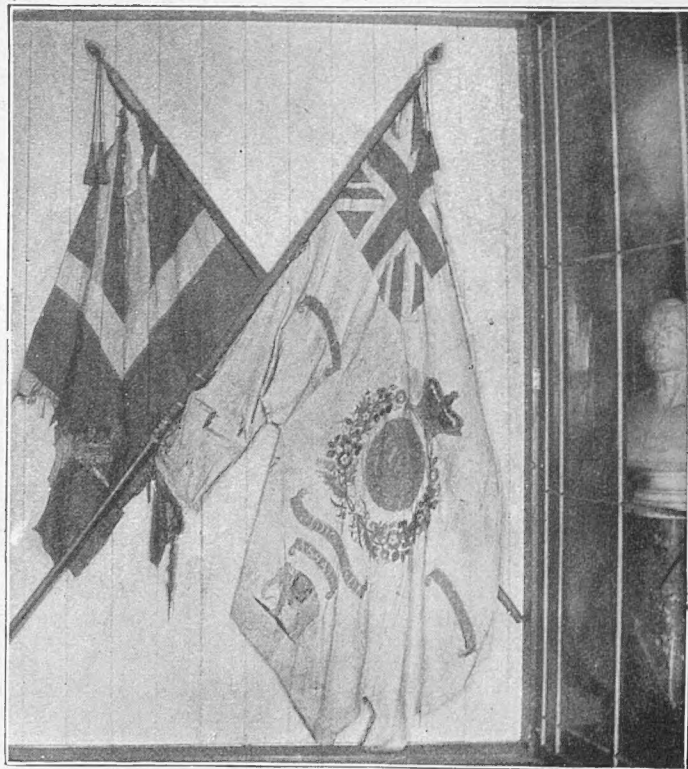
which no stranger had access. This, of course, leads to the unpleasant suspicion that the crime was committed by someone within the bank itself. It is further suggested that some of the notes have been "drowned."

Until Thursday there was no result but newspaper interviews more or less interesting and reminiscent. On that day, however, fell the annual meeting of Parr's Bank, at Cannon Street Hotel. Scarcely had Mr. C. F. Parr, the Chairman, warmed to his speech when enter a messenger with the news that £40,000 worth of the missing notes had been returned to the Bank. The news gave a new complexion to the situation, and shareholders' cheers were long and loud. With the returned notes came a lengthy four-page epistle—anonymous, of course. In this choice fragment of literature the writer asserted his innocence, but omitted to state how he came by the money. Later, perhaps, he may have an opportunity of explaining this point to a British jury, and the sooner the better. The writer begged that the receipt of the sum might be acknowledged in the *Daily Telegraph*. This was done.

The return by post of £40,000 of the stolen notes is probably a unique instance in the history of robberies. It certainly points to the conclusion that the abstraction was that of an "insider." It is not conceivable that a gang of swindlers would return stolen notes, even if they were unable to get rid of them at once. They would be far more likely to retain them for an indefinite period in the hope of some day passing them. Of course, in the first excitement caused by the robbery, it may be unwise to attempt the negotiation of large notes even in certain quarters abroad, but I have been assured by a detective of great experience that there are money-changers on the Continent who would not be troubled even to consult the numbers on the lists and notices of stolen notes deposited with them. Only a few weeks since a friend of mine lost a note for a considerable amount, and "stopped" it at the Bank of England. It was presented and cashed within a few days, was traced through several hands in London, and eventually to a well-known French Bank, the London manager of which establishment stated that the market for bank-notes in Paris was practically, as I have said, an open one, that numbers of notes were not registered, and that further inquiry was, therefore, useless.

Dingwall may be little among the burghs and cities of the United Kingdom, yet it has the distinction of having been formally presented with the first considerable relic of the Battle of Omdurman. The relic consists of a seven-pounder brass field-gun, captured from the Dervishes during one of the spirited rushes of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders. It was sent home by Colonel Murray to be preserved along with the old Seaforth colours in the Municipal chambers of the Burgh of Dingwall.

It is a curious fact that since the old 72nd (Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders) and the 78th (Ross-shire Buffs) were linked as one regiment, the first battalion has had the good fortune to do almost all the fighting. Another peculiarity in connection with the Seaforths is that, with a long list of more than twenty "honours"—some of which have been doubly earned, both battalions having been engaged in the battles they commemorate—only two have been gained in combat with European troops, "Maida," at which the "King's Men" (the 78th) distinguished themselves, and "Sebastopol," in the siege of which the "Macraes" (the 72nd) did good service. The colours here pictured are those of the "King's Men," and the name "Assaye," with the badge of the Elephant, was added to commemorate their gallantry when, led by Lord Wellesley himself, they forded the river in the face of a Mahratta host of 30,000 men, and, as part of a small British army of 4500, utterly defeated the enemy.



OLD COLOURS OF THE SEAFORTHS PRESERVED AT DINGWALL.

Photo by Munro, Dingwall.



# BOTH SIDES OF THE CASE

*Is it worth while to buy the "Encyclopædia Britannica"?*

When a man asks himself whether it is worth while to buy a book, the burden of proof rests upon the book, and not upon the purchaser.

The *vis inertiae*, the rule that change and movement shall not occur without a cause, is the elementary law that keeps the planets in their places, and it is as sound a rule of conduct as of physics. There is the money at the banker's, capable of transformation into any one of a thousand pleasing forms, and desirable in itself, without any transformation; a power in reserve, a sword in the scabbard; and a sword that does not rust, but grows longer and sharper day by day; doubling itself after a few years, if one leaves it undisturbed. Yet within the last year more than ten thousand of the people of these islands have exchanged money for copies of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, believing that the books are of more use to them than the sovereigns would have been.

Why?

To begin with first principles, every man lives by the exercise of his wit, the use of his mind; the capitalist and the landowner as well as the merchant and the professional man, for it needs as much intelligence, nowadays, to keep money when one has it, as to make money in the first place; the percentage of persons who are unable to take care of the money they have, and to get the best value for the money they make, being quite as large as the percentage of persons who are unable to acquire money. The brain is the watchdog, as well as the money-getter; the house-keeper, as well as the bread-winner. Thought has taken the place of physical force. The cave-dweller who could run fastest and strike hardest brought home the largest store of meat and pelts, when the world was young. Nowadays the man who thinks quickly and accurately is the man who attains his object in life; whether it be power or pleasure, power for good or for evil, enjoyment for himself or for other people. The cave-dweller had to eat meat and wear skins in order to gain the strength to seek for more meat and more skins, and we have to spend money in order to train our minds. During the earlier years of life we give nearly all our time and energy to this training, but it is only the foundation that we can hope to build before the struggle begins. A man cannot cease to read and think when he has completed the process of formal education, any more than he can cease eating when he attains adult stature. His mind works with or without his consent; it is a ship in deep water; it may be guided, but there is no anchorage; it must move in one direction or another. Of all the winds and currents which affect its course, there is one influence that never ceases to act—the influence of the printed page. Everybody reads, everybody thinks about what he reads. If he reads nothing but jests, his thoughts never rise above a titter; if he reads nothing but the weekly police-reports, his mind never escapes from the fog of crime and misery; if he reads nothing but cheap fiction, his mind never grasps the essential facts of life. Everyone, however, reads one thing worth reading nowadays, the daily newspaper. The man who has not heard of the Soudan campaign, or the Dreyfus case, or any one of the dozen topics of the day, is unimaginable; he ceased to exist when popular education became part of our national life. And the reading of the news of the day is in itself a keen stimulus to mental activity. Fiction is mixed with the facts; matters not worth a thought must find their place in the newspapers, as they do in the world's history, which it is the function of the newspaper to chronicle from

day to day. But, on the whole, the world's doings yield sound food for thought, and every man who reads his newspaper, and thinks about what he reads in it, is using his mind to good purpose. If he does not think about it, his time has been wasted; he might as well have been shaping the paper into boats, like a child, or tearing it with his teeth, like a puppy.

It is when he begins to think about his newspaper that he finds the need of books. The newspaper may print a war-map to help him understand the movements of an army, but it cannot print a treatise upon every subject which the news of the day invites attention. Yet the treatise must be accessible if the news is to be clearly apprehended; the reader must refresh his recollections in one case, acquire new information in another case, in order intelligently to form his opinions. Books are as indispensable to the newspaper reader—and therefore to everyone—as a chart is to a navigator. A library of some sort is a necessary of intellectual life.

The question, then, changes. Is it worth while to buy the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* rather than some other systematised library? A systematised library it must be, since its function is to answer questions, to meet any one of the doubts that present themselves from day to day. Here, again, the consideration of cost, of the other uses for money, must be faced. "The Times" Reprint of the Ninth Edition of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* is a much lower-priced book than the original impression, completed nearly ten years ago, although it is a verbatim reprint—the same words in the same type, the same illustrations, no abridgement or curtailment. But notwithstanding the reduction in price, it costs, even now, in the cloth binding, £16, or, in monthly payments, 16 guineas, at the rate of one guinea a month.

Can an equivalent library be purchased for less money? Not in the form of a work of reference, that is certain, because there is in the English language no other work of reference which attempts to treat in detail any such a variety of subjects as are included in the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*; it is, in its own field, quite without a competitor. Cannot a man, however, purchase isolated treatises, dealing with the various branches of knowledge, for his money? That is a question which everyone can answer for himself; it is a mere matter of figures, and the calculation will, in itself, furnish agreeable and instructive food for thought.

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Of the sixteen thousand articles in the work, at least fourteen thousand are brief essays. There are certainly not more than two thousand subjects which are each important enough to justify the existence of a separate book upon each subject. Of these not more than five hundred are long enough to make each a book in itself. Upon nearly every one of these five hundred subjects separate books have been published; many of them written by the same men who wrote the articles for the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*. Everybody knows roughly what books cost; a good history, so much, a good biography, so much, a good handbook upon any special subject, so much.

The most satisfactory way to answer the question at the head of this column is to take pencil and paper and estimate the cost of five hundred good books.

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NICE (CIMIEZ) . . . . .	RIVIERA PALACE.
CAIRO . . . . .	GHEZIREH PALACE.
CAIRO . . . . .	SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM THE LONDON OFFICES, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

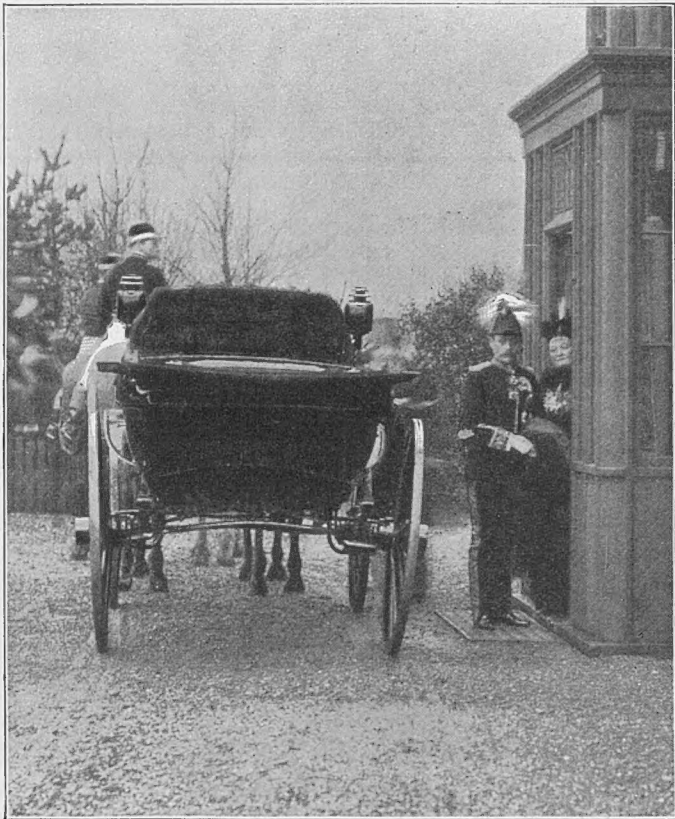
## CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.  
 Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.  
 English Church. Golf. Tennis. Cycling.  
 The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are now in Italy, will arrive shortly at Cairo, for their Egyptian tour. They will be attended by Captain and Mrs. Malcolm McNeill, and will probably, I understand, spend four or five weeks in the land of the Pyramids. Khartoum is, I



SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER GREETING HIS MOTHER.

Photo by S. Becket, Saltcoats.

am told, to be the Ultima Thule of their expedition. The tourist army, ever eager to explore "new pastures," are already considering the best method to reach Khartoum, and the question of board and lodging when they have reached it; and at least one lady of my acquaintance is working hard at Arabic, to enable her to converse with the natives without difficulty. The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will doubtless make the ubiquitous tourist still more eager to establish himself (temporarily) at Khartoum, and, as soon as there is railway communication, a flood of new companies to provide accommodation and amusement in that city will be launched in the Metropolis. Few better methods of establishing ourselves peacefully in the Soudan could be found.

Sir Archibald Hunter is being covered with honours. He was entertained at luncheon by the Lord Provost of Glasgow last week, and is to get the freedom of Lancaster. He is forty-three years old, and his father and mother were both Scots. He was educated at Glasgow, and entered the King's Own Royal Lancasters in 1874. He has been fighting in Egypt for fourteen or fifteen years, and now rules as Governor of Omdurman. He is unmarried, and his mother's house at Highborne, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, is his home.

While people in England have been discussing Mr. Bennett's article in the *Contemporary*, and even the German Military Attaché, Captain von Tiedemann, has come to the front with a soldier-like letter containing emphatic contradictions of the stories as to the Sirdar's reputed orders to the troops, Lord Kitchener, with characteristic sang-froid, has been

pushing on the railway to Khartoum. Finding that it would take some considerable time to construct and send out from England a bridge to span the Nile at its confluence with the Atbara, he intends to use the old Kafr Zayat bridge for that purpose, and the work is to be taken up at once. An Italian company, which has just erected a new bridge at Kafr Zayat, has undertaken the task. Whatever may be the opinion here as to the future of the Soudan, the present régime seems to suit those inhabitants still left in that part of the world, and a prominent Sheikh has expressed the opinion that, if the British occupation were to cease, in six months the Soudan would be swallowed up in barbarity again. He continued, "Do not even suggest such things: they are dreadful to think of!"

The Khedivial Ball at Cairo was last week's chief excitement in that city of excitements, all the more that a rumour went forth beforehand of the extreme exclusiveness with which this function was to be hedged around. Formerly, invitations were so boldly asked for, and so courteously accorded to many who had absolutely no position to warrant the distinction, that this year the abuse was reformed with a vengeance. Neither the Ministers-Plenipotentiary, Diplomatic Agents, or Consuls-General presented lists, in fact, to Hassan Assim Pasha without being specially invited to do so by his Excellency, so great has been the rebound from former somewhat unrestricted hospitality. The American Minister, General Harrison, must be the most tactful and diplomatic of men, for he has been literally besieged by applications from his retiring and shy compatriots who imagine themselves fitting recipients of Khedivial honours. A new rule restricting invitations to those who had been presented helped the situation considerably, however, and saved, it is to be hoped, some heartburnings. Meanwhile, the ball was an extremely brilliant one, and its very decidedly exclusive atmosphere made it naturally much more enjoyed and appreciated by those who, to use the social jargon, were "in it." At supper the Khedive's famous sherbet—which, like the "hock cup" of Buckingham Palace Balls at home, is a specially prepared nectar—had a good many grateful votaries.

The British Legation in Pekin stands in grounds sufficiently extensive to contain the Minister's private residence and state reception-rooms, houses for three secretaries, quarters for the students, a church, five court, bowling-alley, reading-room, and billiard-room. Two large stone lions guard the entrance to the Minister's residence, which was built as a Foo, or ducal residence, by a former Emperor for his son. There is no upper storey; the rooms are lofty, and decorated in the Chinese style, which harmoniously blends a brilliant blue with an emerald-green. If the house presents a blaze of colour within, the gardens present a blaze of colour without, as the wives of the English Ministers have improved the grounds until they are the most beautiful of any in the northern capital.

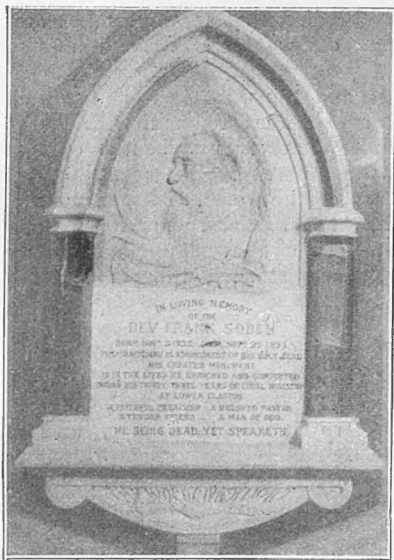


THE LAKE DISTRICT IN WINTER: THE WAY WE LIKE THE COUNTRY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

Photo by Green, Grasmere.



A handsome memorial in marble, the work of Mr. W. White, of Clapham Common, has just been erected in Lower Clapton Congregational Church. The subject of the design is the Rev. Frank Soden, who was Minister of this church for upwards of thirty years. Mr. Soden was the son of the late Mr. James



MEMORIAL TO THE REV. FRANK SODEN.

B. E. Soden, Paymaster in the Royal Navy, who was present at the Battle of Algiers and the bombardment of the Morea Castle, and to whose memory a monumental brass was placed in the same sacred edifice some years ago.

The handsome monument to the memory of the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P., Secretary of State for War, which will be formally unveiled by Earl Stanhope to-morrow, has been erected by public subscription. It stands in the centre of the Market-place at Horncastle, on an open space originally given to the town by the gentleman in whose memory the monument is erected, and the total cost is about £483. A very influential committee, with Canon Quarrington as

chairman, have carried the matter through, and although some few months ago the subscriptions were over £100 short of the required sum, the whole amount will be raised before the unveiling ceremony takes place. The late Right Hon. E. Stanhope represented the Horncastle Division in Parliament for many years, and at the time of his death, on Dec. 22, 1893, held office in Lord Salisbury's Government as Secretary of State for War.



MONUMENT TO THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD STANHOPE.

Photo by Carlton and Son, Horncastle.

Mr. C. H. Lingen Baker, of Hereford, and its erection, in its entirety, has been carried out by Messrs. Walter and Hensman, builders and contractors, Horncastle.

It can scarcely be said that any of the Lords and gentlemen who are to move and second the Address in the two Houses of Parliament are untried

politicians. Mr. W. F. D. Smith, the selected seconder in the Commons, is the youngest of the four, being only thirty, but he has been a member for over seven years, and has spoken several times. He describes himself, by the way, as a Liberal-Conservative. Captain Bagot, who will move the Address, is in the prime of life. It is fully twelve years since he left the Grenadier Guards, but his old connection with that regiment will give special interest to his remarks on the Soudan campaign. He has a dark, reserved, good-looking face, and will make a handsome figure when he appears on the opening night in a military uniform. In the Upper House the Duke of Bedford and Earl Cawdor are to perform the ceremonial function, which usually attracts a great attendance of peeresses. The Duke has also been in the Grenadier Guards, and served in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. It is five or six years since he succeeded to the peerage, but he has taken only a slight part in Parliamentary proceedings. Earl Cawdor's speech in seconding the Address will be his first in the House of Lords, but he sat in the lower House through two long Parliaments, and earned the reputation of a sensible, practical man. He is well known as Chairman of the Great Western Railway.

Sir Matthew White Ridley cut the first sod of the Knott End Railway on Wednesday. The length of the new line will be about five miles, and the work constitutes in reality the completion of the railway running from the Garstang and Catterall Station, on the London and



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY CUTTING THE FIRST SOD OF THE KNOTT END RAILWAY.

North-Western Railway, to Knott End, on the Wyre, opposite the town of Fleetwood. The original Garstang and Knott End Railway was begun in 1864. In 1869, however, the work was still uncompleted. As time went on many difficulties were experienced by the company, and, as a matter of fact, the line has never been carried beyond Pilling, a village some seven miles from Garstang, and five miles short of the intended terminus at Knott End. As a result a rich agricultural district has remained undeveloped, and one of the most beautiful portions of rural Lancashire practically closed to the tourist. It is hoped the works will be completed within twelve months. The consulting-engineer is Sir Douglas Fox, and the contracts have been let to Mr. R. Worthington, of Dublin, who has had considerable experience in the making of light railways in agricultural districts in Ireland.

It is invariably said in biographies of Mr. Forbes-Robertson that Phelps died in his arms while they were playing at the old Imperial Theatre, Westminster. The fact is that it was Forbes-Robertson's brother, Mr. Norman Forbes, who was on the stage with Phelps, and it was in the younger brother's arms that the Shaksperian tragedian died.

The ingenious authors of "The Great Ruby" should be entertained to read an account of the original of their gigantic jewellery "fake" scene. It is given by the Dean of Bristol, Dr. Pigou, in his amusingly anecdotic volume called "Phases of My Life." Dr. Pigou, it seems, met the former Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir Edmund Henderson, at Homburg, and heard from the latter a circumstantial story of a jewel-robbery, differing only in minor details from the stirring realistic scene that excited so many thronged Drury Lane audiences last autumn. The tale is told on page 204 of Dean Pigou's book.



The coming to Europe of President Yglesias, of Costa Rica, after his stay in the United States, is a matter in which both London and Paris are interested. One of the President's main purposes in coming to this country is to forward the change to the gold standard, which, under his guidance, Costa Rica has brought about. The change was made a couple of years ago, the national bank currency, based on a gold standard, replacing the silver and depreciated paper, with the best results, for, as Señor Yglesias has told public men in America, no stringencies have resulted from the alteration. The drawback, however, has been in the lack of actual gold coin as an assurance of the stability of the national currency. The President hopes to arrange financial affairs so as to bring about a larger supply of gold for Costa Rica.

Apropos the question which has been interesting certain literary circles lately, as to who is the oldest editor still pursuing his vocation, the record of Dr. Alexander Ramsay, of the *Banffshire Journal*, will not be beaten by many. Born in Glasgow in 1822, and orphaned in boyhood, Mr. Ramsay acquired the printer's art in Edinburgh, followed his calling for some time in London, and thence proceeded to Banff in the late 'forties. For the long period of fifty-one years he has uninterruptedly conducted the *Journal*, and for twenty-seven years of that time he has also edited the "Polled Herd-Book." The tax on one's energies in producing a provincial weekly is, of course, less severe than similar work on a Metropolitan daily; but, even with this allowance, Mr. Ramsay, who, like many of his professional brethren, is an enthusiastic golfer, and remains, notwithstanding his seventy-seven years, nimble and alert in body and mind, presents, surely, a case with few parallels.

The article on "The Café of Death" (Cabaret du Néant) in Paris which I gave the other day has roused some attention, and I have



THE CAFÉ OF DEATH IN THE BOULEVARD DE CLICHY.

received inquiries as to its exact whereabouts. It is situated in the Boulevard de Clichy (No. 36). You can easily distinguish it by the green light over the door. It opens at half-past eight every evening.

Mr. George Trevelyan's reappearance as an author has been so universally and cordially hailed, and his story of "The American Revolution" has awakened such widespread interest, that the following extract from an early poetic effort of his is not wholly inappropriate, and may send some reader to an early number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, where the entire poem will be found. Forty years ago, it was the custom to signalise at Cambridge the University Boat-Race with a poem, and in 1860 Macaulay's nephew was the bard. The allusions of the poem are of a local character, and two of the oarsmen are thus hit off—

Old Admiral Blake, as from heaven he looks down,  
Bawls out to his messmates, "You lubberly sinners,  
Three cheers for my namesake! I'll bet you a crown  
He'll thrash the Oxonians as I thrashed the Mynheers."  
Here's Coventry next, but not Patmore, no, no!  
Not an "angel" at all, but a devil to row.  
Should Louis Napoleon next August steam over,  
With scarlet-breeched Zouaves, from Cherbourg to Dover,  
We'll send him to Coventry—won't he look blue,  
And wish he was back with his wife at St. Cloud?

General Chapman, Commander of the Forces in the Northern Kingdom, is an enthusiast in the matter of physical exercise and military training. He has for a long time been an advocate of a systematic athletic course forming part of the curriculum in Scottish schools, and has now formulated his views in a way that should secure the commendation of civilian as well as military authorities. The General, who not long since commended the instruction in Gaelic in the Highland districts, has addressed a circular to the chairman of every School Board in Scotland, enclosing his propositions for the laudable object he has in view. He desires that there should be a uniform system of training in

all the Scottish schools, that Boards should determine, with the advice of their medical authorities, what measure of physical training should be adopted as a daily practice, and determine the source whence instructors



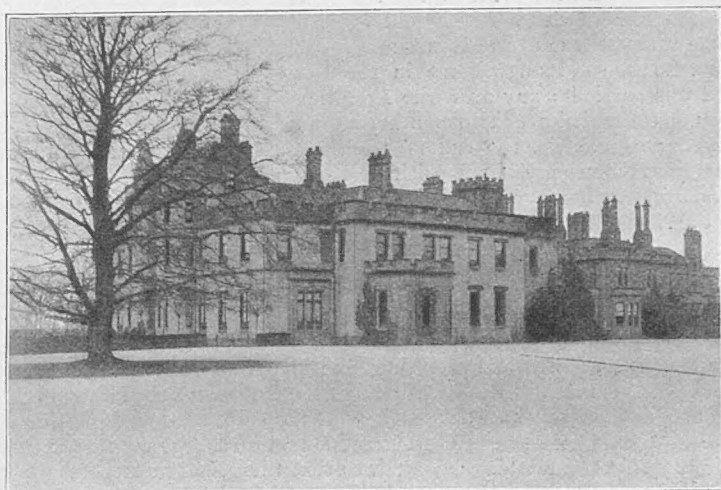
A ROUND-TOWER ON SCATTERY ISLAND.

Photo by Luke M. Hull, Tarkere, Kerry.

should be drawn. The propositions, though a solitary member of the Edinburgh School Board feared they would lead to conscription, will find general support in Scotland, and are worthy, indeed, of adoption throughout the entire Kingdom.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, Scattery Island, in County Clare, contained eleven churches, of which the remains of eight, besides a Round-Tower, are yet to be seen. Being much exposed to the full force of the Atlantic breezes, there is a complete absence of trees on the island, which gives the landscape a very bare appearance. The Round-Tower, over a hundred feet high, is in a fair state of preservation, with the exception of a slight bulge on one side. It stands in an isolated position about thirty feet west of a group of three churches, the principal one of which is apparently of twelfth-century architecture, but the two side-churches adjoining it are of much more ancient origin. The other remaining church ruins on the island are also in groups of two and three.

At the present time the eyes of all those in the political arena are turned towards Belmont Castle, where Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman resides. The castle is beautifully situated at the base of the Sidlaw Hills, and, surrounded as it is with a beautiful park, with massive trees, it is small wonder that Sir Henry delights in staying there. The site of the castle was originally occupied by an ecclesiastical building, where the Bishops of Dunkeld frequently resided. Nearly twenty years ago the building was gutted by fire, and on the ruins the present proprietor has raised a handsome structure, imposing without and beautiful within. In the grounds are two relics of bygone days, namely, at the extremity of the policies on the road from Meigle to Dundee is a tumulus where local tradition asserts that Macbeth, having fallen by the sword of Macduff, was buried. That there was a battle of some import is believed by the best authorities, but that Macbeth is buried here is not correct, as Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, is generally believed by antiquaries to be his burial-place. Close by the entrance-lodge at the other extremity of the policies is a huge monolith locally known as Macbeth's Stone, and said to mark the burial-place of one of his Generals. The district abounds with historical scenes, while all around Nature presents to the onlooker pictures of beauty and grandeur.



BELMONT CASTLE, THE HOME OF SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Photo by John B. MacLachlan, Blairgowrie.



All praise to the late Lord De L'Isle and Dudley for his determination to keep his estate at Penshurst free from the abominations of the modern builder! He had an overmastering passion for the past, and, if Time outwore the buildings on his ancestral lands, and so proved himself incapable of respecting that passion, his lordship outwitted the man



A SMITHY AT PENS HurST.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

with the hour-glass by having them rebuilt exactly in the pattern of their former appearance. Any new structure there was a necessity for building had to look old, even if it wasn't. This semblance of age Lord De L'Isle secured in a twofold way, namely, by the material used and by the design into which it was wrought. The smithy at Penshurst is an example. That huge horseshoe-shaped door was made entirely of oak grown on the estate, and the completion of the building was delayed a considerable time in search after the necessary timber. The door is not the only symbolical feature of the smithy. On the lower roof, to the left, mixed up with the branches of the trees behind, there is a weather-cock, of which the upright takes the form of a smith's hammer, while the points of the compass are indicated by four large horseshoe-nails.

We have not any submarine boats such as the French are boasting about, but in a few months we shall have two torpedo-boat destroyers that will travel at a speed of thirty-five knots, which is about three knots faster than any vessel in the world. They are now being built on the turbine principle by the Hon. Charles Parsons, the inventor of the *Turbinia*, which was the sensation of the Diamond Jubilee Review at Spithead. They are improvements on the *Turbinia*, for they will have six turbines, four for use when steaming ahead and two when going astern. This arrangement will meet the objections of naval experts, since these little ships will be capable of easy manœuvring. Their official trials will be events of wide interest, for, if they are successful, the turbine will undoubtedly be used for launches and steam-yachts. If the experiments now in progress in the torpedo-boat destroyer *Surly* at Portsmouth with liquid fuel prove all that is claimed for this competitor with coal, we may yet see warships' stokeholds burning oil and the steam driving turbines instead of screws. The Russians are satisfied that liquid fuel is superior to coal; but, then, the Russians have unlimited supplies of mineral-oils and little coal, while we have unrivalled coalfields and no oil nearer than Canada.

Fortunately it was only the model of the *Victory*, and not Nelson's famous flagship, which was destroyed by fire. Everyone who visited the Naval Exhibition in 1891 will remember this replica of the old wooden wall that is still the pride of the Portsmouth people and is still viewed by hundreds of visitors. The old *Victory* has been a lucky ship, but the same was not true of the Exhibition model. The ship that conveyed it from London to its new home in the Isle of Man fell in with a storm, and was carried away over the Atlantic. The voyage from London to Douglas occupied over two months, and now fire has destroyed the model. Talking of models, the cadets' training-ship *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, has just been presented with another model, that of the ill-fated *Victoria*. It belonged to Messrs. Armstrong and Co., and was also seen at the Naval Exhibition. It will eventually adorn the new Naval College.

Some months ago, I referred to the works in progress at Haulbowline Island, off Queenstown, with the object of making it into a naval arsenal. About £60,000 is being spent on various projects by the Admiralty, and very good progress has already been made. Apart from the contractors' men, between four and five hundred mechanics are at work. A commencement has already been made with the Naval Hospital for the care of the sick bluejackets of the ships stationed off the Irish coast. It will cost over £12,000, and a sum of £5000 is to be expended in improving the existing hospital, so that there will be two hospitals on this little island. Haulbowline will never rival Portsmouth, Chatham, or Devonport, but, as a well-equipped naval base, it will prove most useful for repairing and coaling ships. The scheme includes a new coaling wharf which will cost £17,000. Haulbowline has a future before it, and Rear-Admiral Lake, who is in command on the Irish coast, has a firm belief in its strategic importance.

A lady correspondent, dating from Holyhead, writes to me as follows—

Will you kindly allow me space for a word about Mr. Clodd's "Tom Tit Tot"? The story of Tom-Tit-Tot, as incorporated by Mr. Clodd in his book of that name, was told to me in my childhood, and written out by me many years ago for Archdeacon Groome. Some years back I found, to my surprise, that Mr. Joseph Jacobs had printed it, word for word, in his *Fairy-Book*. And now my Suffolk "impet" appears once more and spins his yarn, without my knowledge. It is perhaps characteristic of the story that the teller's name should be kept secret. Those who are interested in the Suffolk Rumpelstiltskin story will find Tom-Tit-Tot and the Sequel to the story (which had not been written by me for Archdeacon Groome) in a booklet, "Merry Suffolk," just published for my sister, Lois A. Fison, by Jarrold and Son, Norwich. There is besides a curious variant of "King Lear," called "Cap o' Rushes," also given by me. This, likewise, Mr. Jacobs unearthed and adopted.

"Holy Russia" is, alack the day, once more hungering, and the wretched Moujik with his starving wife and children undergoing all the horrors which rang through Europe seven years ago; worse even, for this is a hay as well as a corn famine, and the peasants are daily obliged to part with oxen and horses for a few shillings rather than let the poor beasts die of hunger in their stalls. In the coldest districts, hundreds are reported as without clothing of any kind, their only food being potatoes. The Red Cross Society, with the Empress at its head, works gallantly, but its efforts are as a drop in the ocean compared with the people's needs; while, with that curious disinclination for outside aid which characterises the Slavonic powers that be, the Russian Government has again declined offers of extraneous help, as it did in 1891, when an unforgettable cartoon in *Punch* represented the late Emperor, with his back turned to a group of wretched, starving figures, declaring, "There is no famine in my kingdom." No reflection this on Alexander II. He did not know the state of affairs amongst his people, and statecraft deemed it expedient that he should not. But the improved means of communication through this vast kingdom are advanced as a reason why external aid is unnecessary to-day. One indeed hopes that help can reach the affected districts in time.

The County Council has done a sensible thing by licensing the Sunday League to give concerts at the Alhambra. This is really a change of front, though technicalities without sense can be cited to show that the new action of the County Council is consistent with their treatment of Mr. Robert Newman and the Queen's Hall. The law is supposed to interdict Sunday music for "personal gain." Do the directors of the Alhambra let their theatre to the Sunday League for nothing? It is a purely commercial transaction which enables the League to give concerts at the Alhambra, just as it is a commercial transaction by which the County Council lets seats in the park enclosures to people who listen to the Sunday bands. The law is a ridiculous muddle, as Sir Harry Poland virtually admitted. There was some jabber about the "Continental Sunday," but the great majority of the Council voted for common sense, or as much of it as can be expected from our municipal rulers in such matters. So one benevolent society gives concerts at the Alhambra on Sunday, and another benevolent society gives concerts at the Queen's Hall, and the Sabbatarians are practically outwitted.

My congratulations to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne upon his latest Danish invasion. His charming wife, who hails from Denmark, has just presented him with a daughter.

This is an interesting group, inasmuch as the sitters represent a rising scale of ages. The boy (Master Sydney George Faire) is six years old; the maiden (Miss Valerie Maud Faire) is seven; and the dog, Smudge, is eight.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS.



In connection with the one-thousandth issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* this month, the subjoined notes by Mr. Samuel Kinnear, an employé in the famous Edinburgh house half-a-century ago, conveying in characteristic style his recollections of some of *Maga's* distinguished old-time contributors, have a timely interest. "Here is a list," writes the octogenarian printer, "of authors and contributors to *Blackwood*, now dead, whom I have seen in the full flush of life"—

Mrs. Oliphant, whose first story for *Blackwood* I read professionally, the proof of which, she told me afterwards in a note, she received on the morning of her wedding-day. It was the harbinger of a long day of prosperity for her as a writer.

Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., author of "The History of Europe," a fine-looking, burly gentleman, and very voluminous author.

Sir John Skelton, the warm-hearted defender of the good name of our unfortunate Queen Mary. He wrote many acceptable works.

Captain Speke, of African fame, to whom I was introduced by Mr. William Blackwood as the reader who had charge of his volume of *Travels in Africa* when passing through the press. He was of middle-height and light build, and shaded his blue eyes as he glanced at a proof—an insect, when he was sleeping on the ground in East Africa, he explained, having entered his ear, causing a discharge from it afterwards, and injuring his eyesight.

Captain Grant, a very tall gentleman, who accompanied Captain Speke in his African travels.

Samuel Warren, a successful story-writer and M.P.

William M. Thackeray, a tall gentleman and successful novelist, famed for his smart sayings.

Henry Stephens, author of "The Book of the Farm," a fine, genial old gentleman. He was a very good friend to the compositors.

Dr. John Hill Burton, a voluminous writer, who had a strong penchant for living in ancient houses, his sympathies, apparently, lying in the past.

Dr. D. M. Moir ("Delta"), who met my gaze so long ago as 1838. His renown as a poet still survives. His statue in Musselburgh seems to me a fair likeness.

Professor Aytoun, the most humorous of the *Blackwood* band, whose first works were a gold-mine to the compositors. As you read his articles you got tickled and ever ready for a laugh.

Professor Wilson, whose fine embodiment fixed your gaze at once as he strode like a lion along Princes Street.

Captain (afterwards General) Hamley was a fine-looking, gallant gentleman and clever author. During the siege of Sebastopol he furnished a monthly letter to *Blackwood*. They were all written on the sort of paper which long ago we called "cambric paper," and made balloons of. I had the pleasure, as proof-reader, of putting all these through my hands. Of course, they were all very interesting, written as they were amid the roar of battle, and carefully written, too.

A correspondent sends a photograph of a water-carrier in the Pyrenees. There it is generally the women who have to keep the household supplied with water, and in the villages you constantly meet comely girls coming from the well, and carrying these curious, antique-shaped pots on their heads. They are like uncouth monster



A RACHEL OF THE PYRENEES.

teapots, and must be a great weight when filled with water. However, the Pyrenean maidens do not seem to mind, and, at any rate, it teaches them to hold themselves erect. They generally place a folded cloth on their heads to lessen the discomfort. The people in that part of the world seem to carry all their parcels on their heads by instinct. You meet old women staggering under packages nearly a yard high, and small girls bearing loads of fern almost as large as themselves.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who is nothing if not versatile, has had published in the Transatlantic newspapers a patriotic effusion on "The Charge of Dargai Gap," somewhat in the "Light Brigade" manner. It is written in twenty-four lines, beginning—

Bulldogs, hark! Did your courage fail?  
Bulldogs, hark! Did your glory pale?

and ending—

And you'll tell the "bullies" who humbled Nap  
The glorious story of Dargai Gap.

The much-talked-of and often-censured General Miles has an only daughter, Miss Celia Sherman Miles, who has remained unmarried, though she is both handsome and clever. Miss Miles became quite an athletic young lady while her father was stationed out West, and she is an expert horsewoman, besides taking pleasure in cycling and golf. She went out with her father to Porto Rico. Her constant companions on her riding expeditions are two canine friends, a fox-terrier and a Gordon setter.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose recent book, "Phases of an Inferior Planet," has so well borne out the very excellent opinion created by her first novel, "The Descendant," is a young Southern American girl,



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW.

as yet only in her early twenties, and educated quietly at home. However, she comes of a legal and literary stock, and of a family to whom the word "failure" is unknown.

The irritation displayed—not unnaturally—by certain English and Irish regiments at the prominence given to the Highlanders and their doings has been a good deal allayed by the evidence given, by correspondents who had ample opportunities of judging, as to the gallantry and discipline of the English and Irish battalions. If anything else were needed, General Gatacre's pronouncement at Norwich should be sufficient: "If they wanted to find a good man for a tough job, and a regiment to put into a tight place, they could not do better than call upon Irishmen or Norfolk men—he did not care which—for they were sure to answer all expectations." By the way, General Gatacre has been reported as saying that he joined the Army sixty years ago. This must surely be a mistake. He is more likely to have said that he joined in the 'sixties, for the date of his first commission is Feb. 18, 1862.

The *Fusil*, a Spanish satirical journal, printed on bright-blue paper, has been indulging in a unique kind of inquiry among its readers, who are asked to propound a meet punishment for Señor Sagasta after his mismanagement of the war. Answers have been pouring in week after week. No. 52, just published, premising that there is nothing so terrible as insomnia, suggests that the Premier should be stretched out upon a table flanked by soldiers repatriated from Cuba. These should be armed with bayonets, and be instructed to prod him whenever he showed a sign of sleeping. If this did not prove sufficient torment, a history of the late war might be read aloud to him meanwhile.



THE CRAZE OF THE HOUR.  
Photo by Underwood and Underwood.



The concert given by Mr. Sims Reeves on Wednesday last was a great success of its kind, in which he was assisted by a brilliant assemblage of well-known singers who came to do him honour. Madame Albani sang for her first song Sullivan's delightful "Orpheus with his Lute," and was encored with any amount of enthusiasm. Mr. Santley was scarcely less applauded for his interpretation of "The



CHARLES I.

square was wreathed. And on Monday the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross was adorned with the tributes of the Legitimist Legion—not a very big band, it is true, but quite notorious enough to make the careless passer-by pause and revert to history. Yet, if Charles had died in his bed safely and soundly, there had been no wreaths, no mementoes—

If King Carolus had never lost his head,  
What a different country England might have been,  
For a Stuart would have governed us instead  
Of Victoria, our unexampled Queen;  
And the mighty house of Guelph  
Had been sitting on the shelf—  
And we might have missed the Wearin' o' the Green.

Had we never taken Charles to the block,  
His statue on the charger at the Cross  
Would ne'er have been surrounded by a flock  
Of Legitimists who speak of Britain's loss;  
And we had not mourned the sleeper  
By the wreath with which each weeper  
Decks the pedestal in melancholy moss.

Had the headsman never lifted up the axe  
At the bidding of the Commons and their slaves,  
The Stuart had been ruling o'er the packs—  
The aces and the diamonds and knaves.  
We had never won the charter  
That was hindered by the martyr—  
And Britannia might have never ruled the waves.

And the Hanoveric Princes might have reigned  
Mere vassals of the Kaiser on the Ems,  
For I fear me that they never had obtained  
A footing in the City by the Thames.  
Yet, as topsy-turvy teaches,  
It's the rich man overreaches,  
And a Cinderella carries off the gems.

And if James had stuck him bravely to his guns  
Instead of giving followers the slip,  
He might have saved a kingdom for his sons,  
But he only sank his sorry coffin-ship;  
And had Charlie won Culloden,  
He had then had his abode in  
The palaces his fathers did equip.

Oh, the world, I'm sure, were "spiff,"  
If there never were an "If,"  
But it's difficult to settle things without it.  
You may hate the horrid fact,  
But a fellow who has tact  
Will never be so foolish as to doubt it.

Charles II. owes his position in the Northampton hagiology to wood—built into the fabric of All Saints' Church. Northampton had a big fire in 1675, and lost some six hundred houses and £250,000 worth of property in the flames. The country gave £25,000 towards the loss; Charles II. remitted the chimney tax for seven years, and subscribed one thousand tons of timber. Northampton appears to have been duly grateful, and, as the timber was used in rebuilding All Saints' Church, what was more natural than that a statue of the King should have a place on the portico? So there stands the Merry Monarch to this day, attired in Roman costume and besporting a flowing wig. It is a terrible mixture of incongruity, but hardly more so than the position of the statue. Northampton does not seem conscious of the humour of the thing, but it is to the credit of the town that its gratitude is still so lively as to provide a wreath of oak-apples for the statue each 29th of May.

That portion of Lambeth Palace which is suffering from a skin-complaint, the result, so it has been stated, of a too close acquaintance with the fumes from the great Doulton factories, is not the ancient part of the building, but that comparatively modern addition that was made by Archbishop Howley for the comfort of himself and future Primates. Between the years 1829-34, Mr. Edward Blore erected for Archbishop Howley the residence which lies to the north of the quadrangle in which are the old buildings. There is the spacious private sitting-room and library of the Primate, with its bay-window which overlooks the silver (?) Thames; there is the fine drawing-room, lit by its oriel window; there is the Guard Chamber, which was rebuilt by Blore, who retained the open timber roof of its predecessor. The west, or principal, front of this new portion is 160 ft. long, the main entrance flanked by the familiar octagonal towers. The cost of this stately addition was some £70,000, paid for principally out of Archbishop Howley's private fortune.

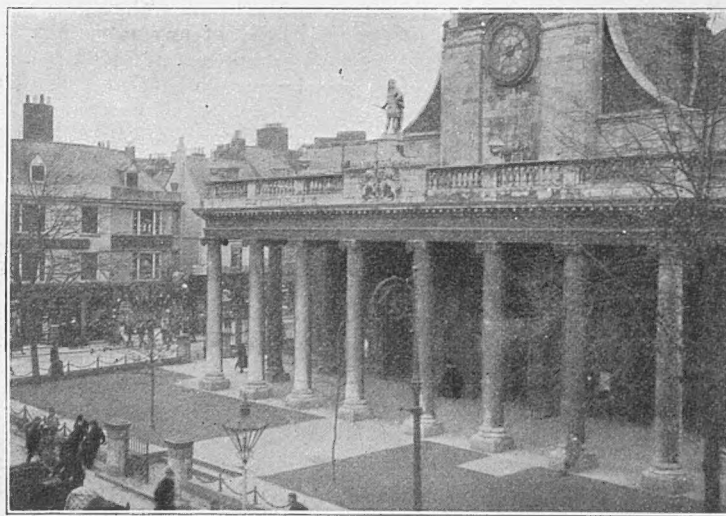
The whole of these buildings were faced by Blore with Bath stone. Here appears to have been the initial error. The porous Bath stone almost invariably decays in London's smoke, and this particular example has not, I am told, perished more quickly than is usually the case. The Portland stone and red brick used by Archbishop Juxon in rebuilding the great hall has stood the test of time with admirable success. The factory fumes need hardly be blamed in the matter. Londoners can see for themselves the effect of London smoke on soft stone in a dozen places far removed from any manufactory.

Anglomania, in spite of the political tension, is rampant in France. It is true they call it a malady, which may keep us from being proud. Frenchwomen dress *à l'Anglaise*, and entertain *à l'Anglaise* in houses furnished *à l'Anglaise*; they go out in English carriages drawn by English horses and driven by English coachmen; they have adopted English sports, which they call by English names; and they have imported English house-boats, with which they are, in a way, to turn the Seine into a little Thames. As for Frenchmen, every one that respects himself orders his *complet* of an English tailor and sends his linen to London to be washed. He goes to the races at Longchamps, to place his bets with English bookmakers, on horses of English pedigree that are ridden by English jockeys, and he flirts there with ladies in English "tailor-mades," whom he regards through an English monocle.

French families now stay in the country all winter, and come up to town only before Easter, after the English manner. When in town, they go to the Comédie-Française to see no longer "Sganarelle," but "Hamlet," and to the Vaudeville to hear the exquisites in the Society plays interlard their French with English, and talk of the London Season. One hears no more of the *beau-monde*, but only of "high life"; one receives no longer *chez soi*, but is "at home," when one wears not a *robe d'intérieure*, as formerly, but a "tea-gown," &c.

How is it that the French have become to this degree Anglomaniac? The explanation is simple. In what concerns fashions the movement is due to the aristocracy. Separated by a profound gulf from the Republic, chilled in sentiment, disdaining and disdained, the titled families of France have retired into themselves, and live their lives apart, asking of the French world only forgetfulness. In their seclusion they have turned to England for the satisfaction of their tastes. The French public copies the aristocracy, and the French aristocracy copies the English. Hence a complete infection.

Mice build their nests in the oddest places, but the most expensive home for a juvenile family has just been discovered, when, after the death of a miser, the sum of £400 was found to have been annexed



WHERE CHARLES II. IS A PATRON SAINT.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

by the parents, who had used twenty one-hundred-dollar bills in order to build their home. The house in which it was built was valued by the appraisers at £2 before the £400 dwelling-place, which may be redeemed at Washington, had been found in it.





SWANS ON THE THAMES, NEAR COOKHAM.

Photo by Colonel Noverre

Swans are an attractive feature of many of our park-lakes and rivers. The majestic dignity of the swan is proverbial, and there is a good deal about this graceful creature that gives one an impression that civilisation is present, for there is something of the higher type about it. One of the sights of Weymouth is the swannery on Radipole Lake, or, as it is more commonly known, "the Backwater," which is a large sheet of water situated at the back of the town, and connected with Weymouth Bay by the harbour. It extends to Radipole, about two miles distant; hence its name. The swans number nearly two hundred, and are the property of the Weymouth Corporation, who retain a keeper to look after and feed them. They breed on Straw Island, in the middle of the lake. It might have been imagined that some of the swans would be taken to stock other lakes, but such is not the case. They are not used for any purpose other than as an attraction to visitors, and they certainly fulfil this purpose admirably. The photograph here given depicts the swans at feeding-time, and a magnificent sight it is, and one worth going a good way to see. Mr. John Brewer, popularly known by the sobriquet "Snatchy," who was keeper and feeder for twenty-two years, is the person in the boat. He was a well-known local character, but he has very recently gone over to the great majority, and has been succeeded by his son "Sam." The first

photograph was taken at the point where the ferry crosses the Thames, just below Cookham Lock.

The inhabitants of High Wycombe were, it appears, unnecessarily alarmed at the prospect of the removal of the headquarters of the 3rd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry from their town. It had been resolved to send a deputation to the War Office on the subject, and Lord Carrington and Viscount Curzon were to have been included. However, all anxiety has been removed by an intimation from Lord Lansdowne that the War Office has no intention of making the reported change. The Regular battalions of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry are two of the famous Light Division regiments of Peninsular days, the 48th (Monmouthshire Light Infantry) and the 52nd (Oxfordshire Light Infantry), and the 3rd Battalion, the old Royal Bucks Militia, formed in 1642, at the Battle of Edgehill, has really no historic connection with either. There is now no Regular regiment connected with Buckinghamshire, its old regiment, the 14th (Buckinghamshire—the Prince of Wales's Own)—"raised in Kent" in 1685—being now the "Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment." Another old Bucks regiment is the 85th (Bucks Volunteers—King's Light Infantry), and this is now the 2nd Battalion of the King's (Shropshire Light Infantry).

An extraordinary shooting adventure, which has the advantage of being easy of belief, is recorded by Mr. A. L. Butler, of the State Museum, Selangor, Malaya, in the last number of the Bombay Natural History Society's *Journal*. One day in last July a Malay woodcutter went out into the jungle to cut fuel, taking with him, on the off-chance of a shot at deer, an old single-barrelled muzzle-loading gun, loaded with the rather unscientific charge of a bullet and four buckshot. Moving quietly through the jungle, he suddenly came upon a tiger feeding on the carcase of a sambhur, and, with touching confidence in his weapon, fired at a distance of twenty paces. The tiger rolled over, and, when the Malay cautiously approached, he found not one dead tiger; but two, the second having been hidden from the sportsman, though only a few feet distant from the animal he fired at. Mr. Butler, who made post-mortem examination of the tigers after they had been skinned, found that in each case a single buckshot had gone to the heart; one had also an insignificant wound on the head from another pellet. "For a really appalling fluke,"

as Mr. Butler says, this achievement of the Malay woodcutter will be hard to beat. It is certainly not a performance any sane white man will try to parallel, much less to eclipse.



SWANS ON RADIPOLE LAKE, WEYMOUTH.

Photo by C. F. Hewitt, Weymouth.







## IN MEMORY OF THE SAGE OF CHELSEA,

WHO DIED ON FEBRUARY 5, 1881.



ARCH HOUSE, WHERE HE WAS BORN.



HODDAM HILL, WHERE HE FARMED.

Sunday marks the eighteenth anniversary of the death of Thomas Carlyle, who died at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, on February the Fifth, 1881. Since that day Carlyle has gone down and gone up in public estimation. He has outlived the revelations of Mr. Froude completely. His house in Cheyne Row has been turned into a shrine, where devotees may see where the Sage did and ended his life-work. Equally interesting is the place where he entered it, the tiny Dumfriesshire village of Ecclefechan—the “ech,” not “eck,” mark you, is a stumbling-block to many a man—and it is with that side of Carlyle that I deal in this page.

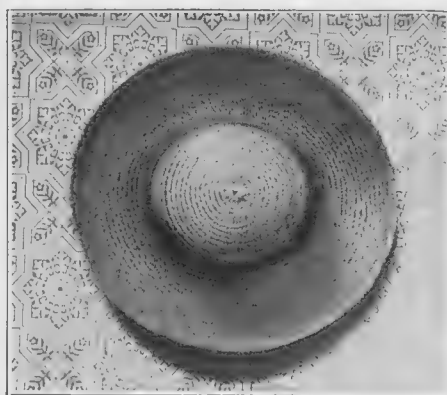
Between seven and eight hundred people visit Ecclefechan every year. But it cannot be said that the natives of Ecclefechan are much impressed by the book achievements of their famous townsman. There is a legend current there of an old roadman, who, happening to be addressed by a party of Carlyle devotees, ran over the names of the various members of the family, and dwelt with special emphasis upon that of Sandy, “who was a grand breeder o’ soos.” “But there was one called Thomas, you know?” “Ay, there was Tam; he gaed awa’ up to London, but I dinna think he ever did muckle guid.”

The tiny cottage in which Carlyle was born—called “Arch House,” by reason of the archway which pierces it from front to back—is little the worse in wear for the hundred-odd years which have fled since the father reared it with his own honest hands. The room upstairs in which that memorable birth took place is stocked with relics from Cheyne Row, and on the wall by the door hang two of Carlyle’s hats. One of these can boast an inside measurement of twenty-four inches; the other—shown in the photograph—measures an inch less. Audacious American pilgrims are wont to make the caretaker of Arch House tempting bids for these hats, and once an offer was couched in

the seductive form of “Sell me that hat for £5, and put another old one like it in its place!” Only a stone’s-throw from Arch House is the little graveyard where Carlyle sleeps peacefully with his kindred. The family lair is railed off from the graveyard—perpetuating the Carlyle aloofness even in death—and, inside, three tombstones stand in a row. Carlyle’s grave occupies the central position, and with him is interred his brother John, doctor and translator of Dante. Some pilgrims from the States, in search of this grave, met the brother James without being aware of his identity, and asked of him its whereabouts. He told them, and the leader of the party then volunteered the information that he and his friends had travelled all the way from America to lay a wreath on their great teacher’s grave. “Hah!” rejoined James, wholly unmoved, “it’s a gey harmless occupation.”

One of the neglected Carlyle shrines in the Ecclefechan district is the farmhouse at Hoddam Hill. The road thither passes between those “kindbeech rows of Entepfuhl” which the young Diogenes Teufelsdröckh left so sadly behind him when Father Andreas carted him off to the Hinterschlag Gymnasium. Very few people in the neighbourhood have any recollection of Carlyle’s occupancy of Hoddam Hill, and yet it was there he spent that “russet-coated” idyllic year of farming-cum-writing-cum-entertaining of Jane

Welsh. It might have been longer than a year if he had not slammed the door in his landlord’s face. That gentleman had called to expostulate with the fiery tenant for his rather ungallant treatment of his wife, and the wordy warfare at the door ended by his asking, with a sneer, “You, what do you know about farming?” “One thing I can do,” shouted Carlyle in retort, “I can pay the rent. That’s all you have to do with the land, and I’ll feed laverocks on it if I like.”



CARLYLE'S SUMMER HAT.



ROOM IN WHICH CARLYLE ENTERED THE WORLD.

THE “KIND BEECH ROWS OF ENTEPFUHL.”  
From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

THE PLACE WHERE HE LEFT THE WORLD.



## THE BEHEADING OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

ROYALIST LONDON WAS IN TEARS THIS DAY 250 YEARS AGO.

Two hundred and fifty years ago this day Royalist London was still in tears, for its hapless monarch had lost his handsome head two days before, at Whitehall, where the Royal United Service Institution now stands. The fact has become for most of us merely a point in history, but the modern Jacobite—consult that fascinating book, "The Legitimist Kalendar"—still declares, opposite the date Jan. 30, 1649, "King Charles was murdered by his rebellious subjects."

The trial of the King, which took place in Westminster Hall, began on Jan. 20, 1649. Charles was conveyed in a sedan-chair from St. James's Palace by a circuitous route to the scene of his trial, the object being to avoid anything of the nature of a public demonstration. A bar was placed across Westminster Hall, and in front of it, facing Bradshaw, the President of the Court, sat Charles in a crimson velvet-covered chair. Behind the King was an open space for the guards, under Hacker, and behind them were a number of soldiers under the command of Colonel Axtell, whose particular duty was to keep back the crowd of spectators in the lower part of the Hall. Galleries placed on each side of the Bench of Judges were filled with ladies and privileged persons.

Bradshaw provided himself with a shot-proof hat in order to guard against any possible attempt upon his life. It is an interesting fact that this hat is still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. The old print of the trial-scene, reproduced as one of the accompanying illustrations, gives a good general idea of the disposition of the principal persons who attended the trial. The King occupies a compartment in the centre of the picture. Immediately opposite him, seated behind a small table which is raised on three steps, is the Lord President Bradshaw, with his two assistants, John Lisle and William Say, placed on either side. Cromwell stands at the back, immediately under the cross in the Arms of the Commonwealth. Between the King and Bradshaw is a square table for the Clerks of the Court, and upon it lie the sword and mace crossed.

The trial extended over several days, and it was not until Saturday, Jan. 27, that the formal sentence upon Charles was read. This sentence was that he should be beheaded as a traitor who had planned the destruction of the realm. The warrant for the execution of the King is in every respect a very extraordinary document. Many of those who had signed it at first were afterwards anxious to remove their names. It had been dated Jan. 26, but it was obviously impossible to put it into immediate execution. Certain preparations were necessary, and,

moreover, Cromwell was anxious to obtain additional signatures, so as to give an appearance of unanimity among the Judges. Additional names were secured by one means or another, and the same warrant was made serviceable by altering the date. In this way the retention of the names of wavering signatories was secured.

Popular ideas as to the scene of the execution of Charles I. may be

described as somewhat hazy, and it must be confessed that the buildings in and around Whitehall have undergone so much change from fires and rebuildings that there is some excuse for the conflicting opinions to which I allude. In front of what is now the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, but what at that period was the Banqueting House, a strong wooden platform was erected. In order that no sound of the terrible preparations thus made should reach the ears of the King, Charles was lodged at St. James's Palace, and brought back when the scaffold had been made ready.

Charles I. was no coward. When nearing the day of his execution, he made his preparations deliberately and manfully. On the morning of the 29th he burnt his papers and took his sorrowful farewell of his weeping children. The next day, when dressing, he said, "Let me have a shirt more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers may imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death."

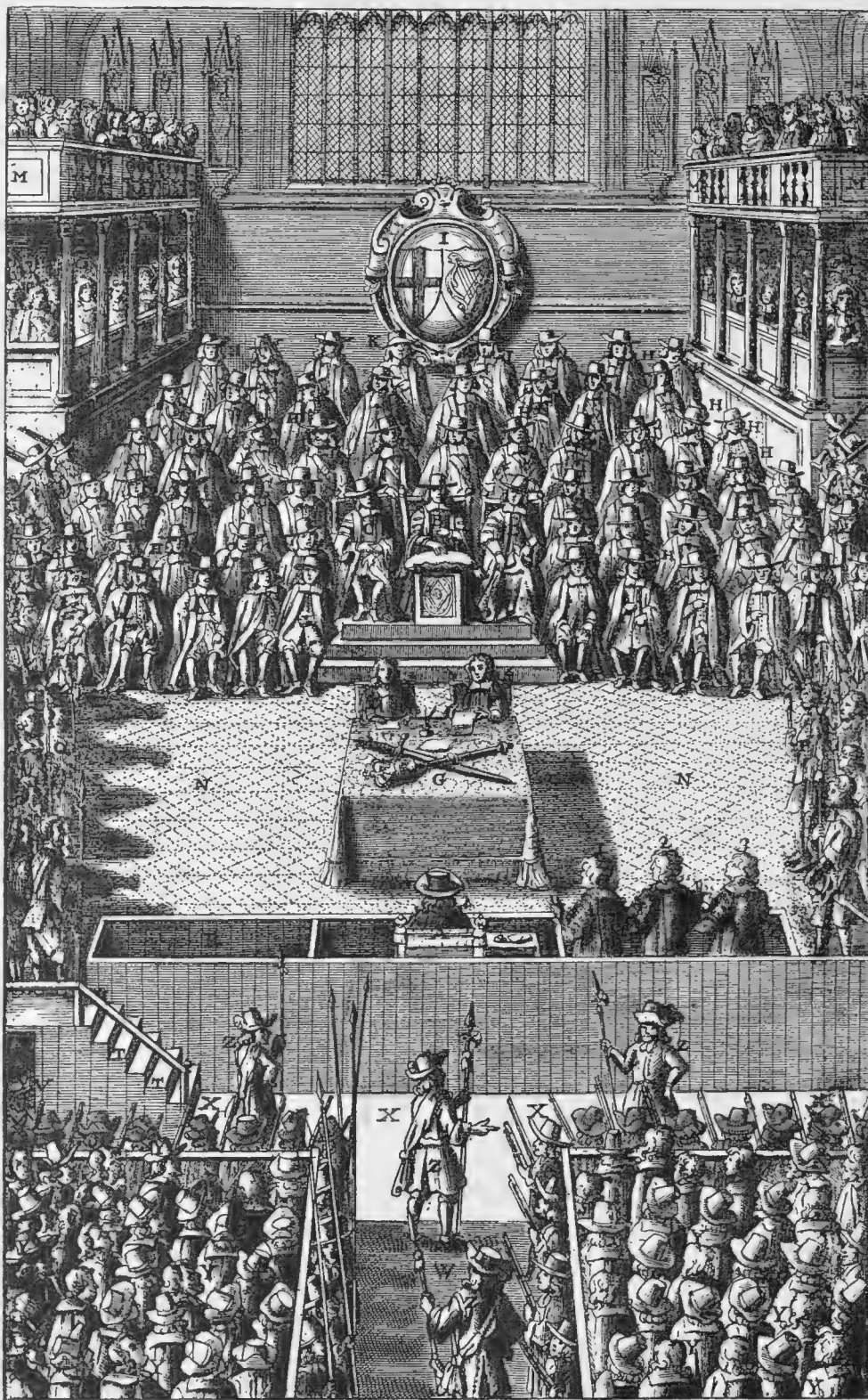
The scaffold was not furnished with steps or ladder, and Charles stepped out from the Banqueting House straight upon the scaffold. The route by which he left the Banqueting House is somewhat uncertain, and has been the subject of frequent controversy; but, as most of the accounts of the execution speak more or less particularly of a certain passage cut through

the wall by which the King passed out, it is generally supposed that one of the windows (probably a window belonging to a building abutting on the north side) was removed for that purpose.

The idea got abroad that Charles would refuse to submit voluntarily to his fate, and staples had been fixed into the floor of the scaffold, to which, by means of ropes, the King could be fastened down in the proper attitude; but preparations of this character were wholly unnecessary.

When Charles stepped on to the scaffold, a wonderful view presented itself. Below, around, on the tops of adjacent houses, and perched upon every point of vantage, was an immense crowd of people, many of whom came with sorrowing hearts to witness the last scene.

Charles bravely addressed himself to Bishop Juxon and to Tomlinson,



THE TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST IN WESTMINSTER HALL.



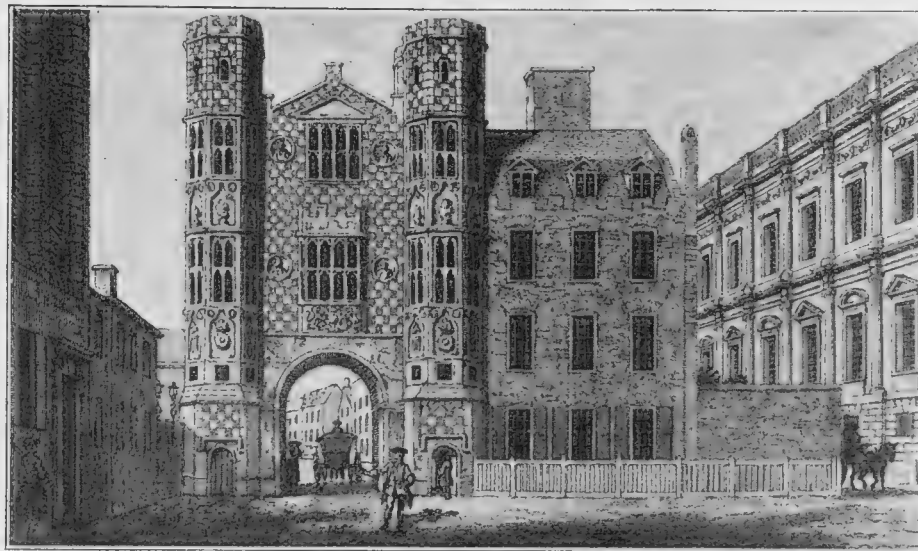
declared himself "a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England," and then calmly and deliberately prepared for death. The headsman assisted him in the task of confining his straggling locks within a white satin night-cap. After a few words of religious consolation, he placed in the Bishop's hands the "George," which was the only jewel he had retained, and addressed to him the simple word, "Remember."

Charles himself gave the signal to the masked headsman to strike, and not once did he forget the dignity of his kingly estate. When the head fell, the executioner, in obedience to ancient traditional custom, held it aloft, crying, "Behold the head of a traitor." The spectacle caused a thrill of horror among the assembled crowd, and the announcement was received with groans and hisses, for the King had paid the penalty of his mistakes, and popular sentiment was not disposed to judge him ungenerously.

Andrew Marvell wrote of him—

He nothing common did or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;  
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

The trial and execution bring out into prominent relief the finest points in the characters of both Charles and Cromwell. The dogged, persistent, iron will of the latter, unyielding in the determination to pursue what he thought to be the only wise and safe course, commands our admiration. On the other hand, the troubles which befell Charles brought out into greater prominence than ever the gentleness and patience which formed the better features of his character. Charles's meek endurance of suffering, together with his own personal dignity and fearlessness as to possible consequences, created a profound impression in the minds and hearts of those who witnessed his death. For many years the day was commemorated by services in our churches, and even

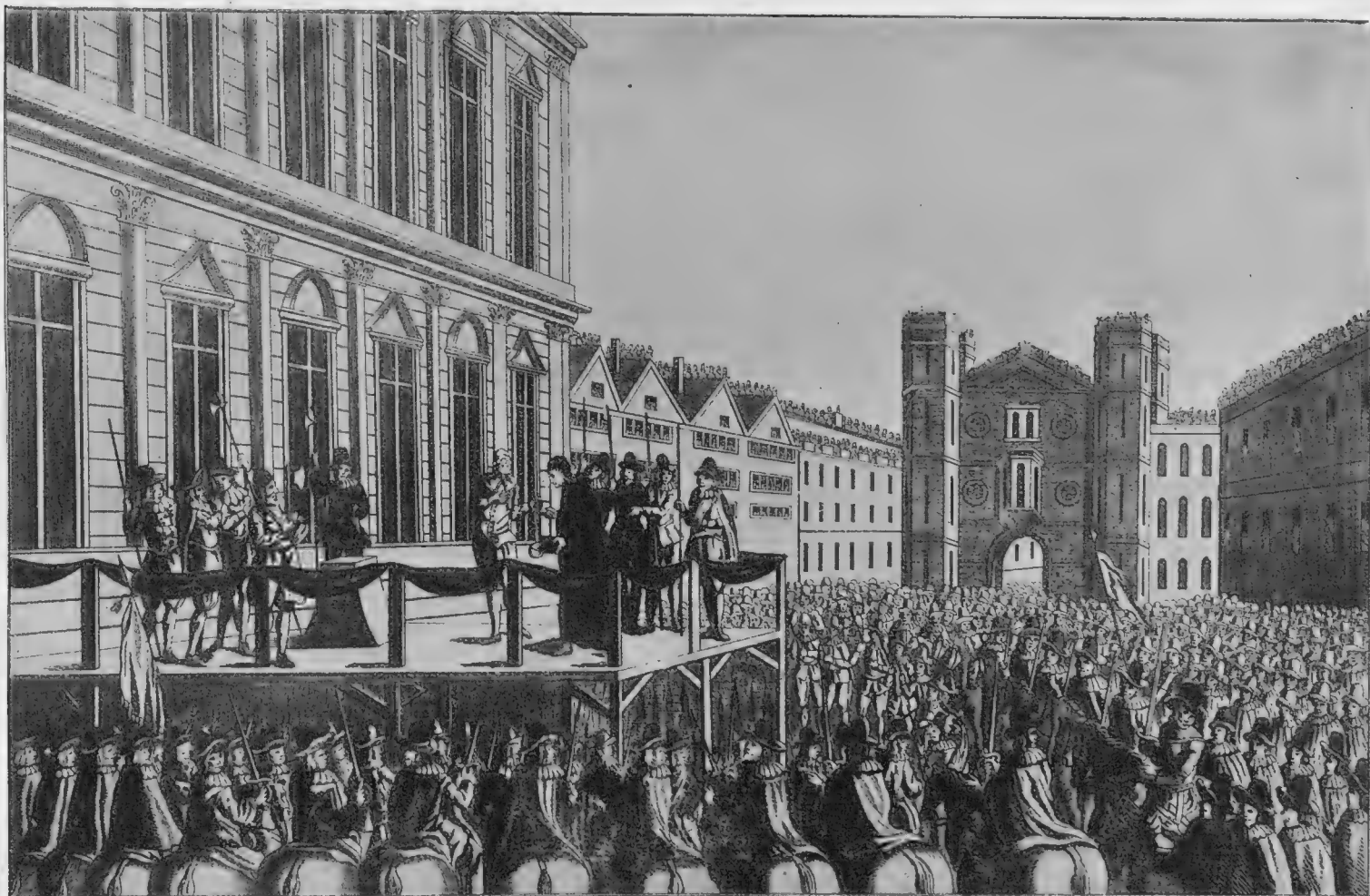
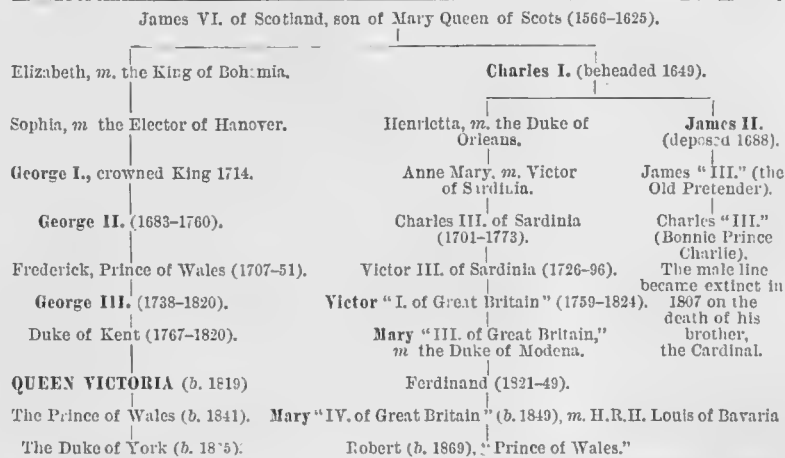


HOLBEIN'S GATEWAY NEAR THE BANQUETING HOUSE, WHITEHALL (NOW REMOVED).

in the present day there are not wanting some who would accord to the beheaded King the distinction of a martyr's crown. Far be it from me to detract from the acknowledged merits of one who was undoubtedly the best of our Stuart monarchs, still I cannot but think that the two hundred and fifty years which have elapsed since the period to which I refer have given the world ample opportunity of judging calmly and dispassionately between Charles and Cromwell.

The present commemoration of the death of Charles I. will have no political significance. It is proposed to invite subscriptions towards the

erection or foundation of a purely religious memorial, to take the form of a beautiful chapel, or, at least, of one or more large windows of the very best glass, or of an effigy on a high tomb, in a place or places connected with the memory of King Charles. Meantime, I show you who would be rulers to-day if Charles had not lost his handsome head—



THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.



## MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

THE WELL-KNOWN PROPRIETOR OF MANY POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC HORSE-BREEDER.

High among the pine-clad Surrey hills, within three miles of Farnham, stands Frensham Place, the residence of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, founder and owner of the famous journals familiarly known as "Pearson's"; and within a couple of furlongs of his beautiful home, along the hill, you shall find the Stud Farm which is Mr. Pearson's hobby. A couple of

years ago he determined to form a Hackney Stud, and accordingly laid the foundations by purchasing the best stock money could procure at the sales held in each year by the great stud-owners. Reputation in horse-breeding is commonly of slow growth, and I doubt very much whether there exists in England another stud which in the first two years of its career could show such a collection of prize rosettes as the Frensham. The site of the farm-buildings has been admirably chosen; they occupy the shoulder of a hill, so that natural drainage helps the light soil to dry quickly, and a dry situation goes for much in horse-rearing. The plan and construction of the stables themselves leave nothing to desire; boxes and stalls are roomy, light, well-ventilated, and—oh, the luxury of these pedigree Hackneys!—are illuminated with the electric-light. Mr. Pearson has

his own private generating-station in the gardens below the house, and this supplies power not only for some four hundred and forty lights in the house itself, the outbuildings, and stables, but to drive the chaff-cutting and oat-crushing machines. Neatness, order, and perfect cleanliness pervade the ranges of stabling; and, if you have an eye for the details of stable economy, you will remark the wooden rollers fixed on each post of every doorway. The horse, entering his box, eager for his corn, is liable to hurt himself against the door-jambs—more particularly the point of his hip; modern stabling is often built with rounded door-jambs to reduce risk of hurt from such collision, but, if you possess stables, I commend to your notice the plan of fitting rollers to the posts. It is in such detail that knowledge and foresight betray themselves.

Behind the stud-buildings and a vacant space where workmen are busy erecting a new double range of boxes to accommodate sixteen horses, stands the largest riding-school in England—250 ft. long by 60 ft. wide—where young Hackneys are broken to harness and saddle, and where, on wet and stormy days, "made" horses take their exercise. Here, every morning from nine till one o'clock, when not in town, Mr. Pearson may be found, with Gale, his capable manager, and half-a-score of helpers, directing equine education. It is a busy scene, and, big as the tan arena is, you wonder how the led horses and those in harness and saddle, travelling at every pace from a walk to a fifteen-mile trot, manage to steer clear of one another. There, in clothing and a dumb jockey, the famous mare, Lady Helmsley, winner of eleven first prizes and two championships, is teaching an active lad to walk "five miles an hour easy." There is Horsley Duke of Connaught, most precocious of youngsters, showing how a two-year-old Hackney can throw out his forelegs and bring his hind legs under him at the trot. This horse is a marvel; in stable parlance,

he is as well "furnished"—that is, developed in limb and shape—as most four-year-olds. Gale, in a light dogcart, is showing how well Frensham Performer, a son of that great horse, Connaught, deserves his name. Frensham Performer is a picture; dark chestnut in colour, with splendid limbs and feet, and small blood-like head, he has the true Hackney

carriage, and "wears himself" as though he had already caught the judge's eye at the Agricultural Hall and meant to keep it. "Never prophesy unless you know," is an excellent motto, but if we don't hear of Frensham Performer at the next Hackney Show, I for one shall be much disappointed and surprised. It must be granted that he is in admirable hands. Gale is a born horseman; you can see that by the fashion in which he handles a timid or fractious youngster, and makes an old one show himself off. In the brake are Box and Cox, a beautifully matched pair of black-browns, learning to step together and go up to their collars. Box and Cox are youngsters. Hitherto each has been in double harness only with a steady old brake-horse, and to-day they have been put together for the first time. Whether each thinks his companion is his old mentor, the

brake-horse, or whether it is the docility and courage for which the Hackney is remarkable, I can't say; but even when the brake-pole jumps its worst over unevennesses the pair carry their heads as steadily as though they had been in harness for years.

The success of the stud is due in no small measure to the fact that Mr. Pearson devotes so much personal attention to its affairs. Every day he rides or drives several of those whose education has been commenced. "Making" young horses, whether in saddle or harness, is not entirely a path of roses. Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Pearson was galloping a mare along one of the tracks across the common, when she shied at the glint of a puddle and turned head-over-heels in the clean-cut ditch beside her. "She was mud from crest to crupper," says Mr. Pearson, "but luckily we were going so fast she shot me clear by half-a-dozen

yards. It was entirely my fault," he added; "the mare—a mere baby as horses go—was very fresh, and, instead of soothing her as I should have, I let her go, with the idea of taking the steam out of her. Serious accidents need never happen if you are careful, though small casualties are all in the day's work with a large stud, and, when horse and man escape injury, are regarded philosophically."

Mr. Pearson passes a large number of horses through his hands, and makes a speciality of matching pairs, for a really well-matched pair of carriage horses are naturally worth far more money than two horses of equal merit that do not make a perfect pair. It is not an easy matter to take one well-made horse and find another exactly like him in height, length, colour, action, and pace. Much can be done by patience

and seizing opportunity, but there is now at Frensham Place a bay horse, over sixteen hands, with such quality, looks, and action that his "double" has not yet been found. When he is discovered, the pair will be cheap at a thousand guineas, and will not wait long for a buyer at that.



THE CHIEF ENTRANCE TO THE STUD-BUILDINGS.



MR. PEARSON ON A FAVOURITE HUNTER.



Out in the pastures—whence, on a clear day, you have a glorious view over countless miles of heather and pine-wood—we find the young foals. A small mob of them round up and cock their ears as we approach, seeming to await the photographer; then, with a snort, away

out with a long line, and wants none of the incitement of cries and whip-cracking to show off. To see the little beauty throw out his legs and cover the ground is a revelation, and you are not surprised to hear that everywhere he “sweeps the board,” whether shown in



IN THE YARD.



SOME PROMISING FOALS.

they go, careering over the broken ground and banks as though they mean to be hunters when they grow up. Mr. Pearson believes in the open-air system of rearing, and the foals live in the fields, taking shelter from cold and wet in a shed in the corner. When three years old, they will be taken up, handled, and taught the A B C of their business; then, after a week or two of this preliminary training, they will be turned out again for another two years. A five-year-old horse which has never been handled is wild and troublesome to break, and an elementary course of instruction given him as a three-year-old makes an extraordinary difference.

Atwick Perfection, Mr. Pearson's own stallion, is the sire of some of these foals; Garton Duke of Connaught, Hedon Swell, Gany-mede, and Rosenerantz—all of them famous in the Hackney world—are the fathers of the rest. They have twenty brood-mares at Frensham, and about twenty yearlings and two- and three-year-olds. Matchless of Knowle is a grand young stallion who distinguished himself as a yearling, and has continued his successful career in the show-yard ever since. Now we must leave the Hackneys, and go back to the yard for a peep at Mr. Pearson's wonderful black pony, Jet of Frensham; he is “in the rough,” with a coat like a bear, for he is now at grass, and has only been brought in for inspection. Jet is just

harness or saddle. In two years Jet has carried off *eighteen* first prizes from large classes of ponies at the best shows in England. He is a conceited little beast—there is no disguising it; but one doesn't count that to the discredit of a pony whose mission in life is to “show off.” In the show-ring he knows exactly what he has to do, and is all impatience until his turn comes. Writing of ponies, if you want to see how a pony can jump, ask little Miss Pearson to put her thirteen-hand hunter over the bar in the riding-school; and while you compare the height of the leap with the height of the pony, don't fail to mark the workmanlike seat of the fearless little lady who rides him.

And then we have a final look through the range of stabling where stand the match pairs, single-harness horses, and hacks, which, as Mr. Pearson says, “somebody may take a fancy to.” For their owner has, like many other people, discovered that a hobby ceases to interest when one is everlastingly spending money upon it, and so a large and carefully made selection of horses that have been broken and trained at Frensham are kept for sale, with a view to, so far as may be possible, making this most interesting hobby pay its way.

I could fill a dozen pages of *The Sketch* without saying half there is to say about Frensham Place and the Frensham Stud, but



THE RIDING-SCHOOL, WHICH MEASURES 250 FEET BY 60 FEET.



LADY HELMSLEY, A FAMOUS HACKNEY MARE.



THE HACKNEY STALLION, MATCHLESS OF KNOWLE.

under fourteen hands, and is pure black; his mother is believed to have been a Welsh hill-mare, but it is from his sire, a Norfolk Hackney, that Jet derives his proud carriage and astonishing action. He seems to know what is expected of him, as his groom leads him

the Editor remarks, “there are limits”: and so to the station behind a perfectly ideal pair of ponies—the produce of an Arab sire and Iceland pony dam—which spin over the two miles, up hill and down, in well under ten minutes.



## THE FAILURE OF WOMEN AS DRESSMAKERS.

When Rousseau of image-breaking memory walked the earth, that ungainly fashion still prevailed of calling things by their proper names. A spade was then a spade; a serving-wench, but just that—parlour-maids and lady-helps not being yet invented—while a direct simplicity of language, as he who reads may know, was the only vogue. Otherwise, that sometimes urbane philosopher would surely not have rendered his much-pondered conclusions into such ruthless sequence as this: "Women have, in general, no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius!"\* Abandoning an argument which, in its wider application, might well raise a chorus of shrieks from the assailed sex, let us confine our sympathetic unbeliefs to one subject which, of most others, lies nearest the feminine affection—that of clothes. Do chiffons come into the category of fine arts, by the way? And if so, does the somewhat infrequent creative faculty of women shine even here? Perforce, is one obliged, after the Shaksperian manner, to "answer with a smile," seeing willy-nilly how men have made reputations so much more enduring and widespread than women, even in this frivolous field of labour; have made names, both in this generation and others, to conjure with, familiar in one continent as in another, such as no milliner or modiste of the opposing gender has ever achieved, however greatly she has ambitioned.

As an example, I may instance Worth, the velvet-capped and velvet-mannered Gallicised North Countryman. What woman of his time and tastes could measure herself against him? It was more a case, indeed, of the Triton among minnows than even mermaids. Many are the tales told about this Emperor of Vanity Fair, but two instances of his originality

more than half-a-dozen perhaps, and of these every modiste is also a man. Félix, Doucet, Beer, Worth, are titles long known in every continent. They have assisted in establishing the supremacy of Parisian modes in this century as their predecessors did in the last. Indeed, the origin of this same supremacy may be traced to a man, seeing that the fourteenth Louis, in his scheme of "universal monarchy," was advised by Colbert the astute to first begin by making the French language and *fashions* prevalent through Europe—one part of which ambition, at least, was realised.

Crossing over to our own West-End, notable examples are not wanting here either, where the personal talent and enterprise of "mere men" in millinery matters has not only built up businesses of great magnitude, but actually directed the fashions adopted by a wealthy *clientèle* as well. Jay, Redfern, and Cresser, to select a few names at random, are cases in point. It was a man who invented the now universal tailor-made; it was a man who evolved the ever-useful blouse; it was a man who invented even the spring by which we fasten our sable-beaded collarettes, all of whom have made fortunes thereby.

Multiplying instances is, however, a mere summing-up of results. If we go deeper and seek the cause of these sartorial successes, it will be found in two well-admitted facts, an eye for colour, as the phrase goes, being one, and that indispensable element, a capability for hard work, the other, both of which are possessed by men in a greatly superior degree to women. We need only look at the long roll-call of artists to find overpowering proof of the first qualification. The standard of feminine excellence created in art by Angelica Kauffmann or Rosa Bonheur has not been reached even by other women of their generations, from which it may be deduced in matters artistic that women are often, no doubt, treated to talent, but seldom indeed to genius. While that women artists approach



THE MINUET—IN SILHOUETTE.

may be set down here as having never found their way into print before. Accompanied by the daughter of some rich Americans, a friend of this writer found her way into the great man's presence one day. The Transatlantic damsel, with a passionate love of her own opinion, was bent on the purchase of a scarlet opera-cloak. Being somewhat sallow-toned, Worth first looked her over and then demurred to the colour. His wilful client insisted, however—she would and must have scarlet. Amen! The cloak was sent home; but it had two sides—a vision of sapphire velvet, sable, and steel embroidery on one, scarlet poplin draped with black Chantilly and marvellously worked with jet beads on the other. On the accompanying bill was written: "To one blue velvet cloak by Worth, £—; to one scarlet ditto, by order of Mdlle. H., no charge." The price was fearsome—it doubtless covered all combinations; but the great man, who hated to be dictated to, vindicated his own way very prettily at the same time. Some months later, this virile Yorkshireman was invited to dress a personage who was, besides very fat, very short, and possessed, to boot, of great belief in her own good taste. Her husband, a Russian Prince, was lately dead, but the widow inclined to cheerfulness in colour, and vivid purple formed a part of her immediate future plans. Worth suggested black, pressed for black, insisted on black; Princess L. was all for liveliness and lilac. Suddenly, after fifteen minutes' useless fencing, the maestro shut his eyes, sighed gently but firmly, and said, "Alas, Madame, never but in that colour can I do justice to your especial though delightful figure!" Neither would give way, so no Worth gowns were ever found in that particular palace i.e. St. Petersburg.

In Paris at the present moment it is no exaggeration to say that capable, clever, and successful dressmakers may be numbered in hundreds; but of names which stand apart to the extent of giving a *cachet* to any article labelled with their legend, how many? Not much

their most notable brothers of the brush even less in colour than form will, I suppose, be perforce conceded by the most ardent upholder of their intellectual and artistic equality. Coming still nearer the subject in hand, is it not generally accepted that a man's verdict on the matter of his feminine belonging's wearables may be trenchant, but that it is nearly always true? He may not know how the colours or combinations he abuses or admires are called, but his opinion on what offends or pleases him is ten times out of eleven the result of innate taste and logical insight.

To quote Worth once more while on this topic, it was he who, with the courage of his convictions in colour, initiated what women in the 'fifties knew as "French contrasts." That blue would go with green, or green with mauve, or purple with a sympathetic tone in crimson, seemed the most daring and audacious feat of juxtaposition then, though we of later date are more trained in Nature's "values." Again, as to the question of that strength and endurance which make all things possible to their possessor, it must be apparent to the most stringent upholder of womanly beatitudes that man is the more capable of long-continued labour, because he is the stronger and also the more patient animal of the two. There is in him what Sir Edwin Arnold calls the "power of working" which must necessarily be conceded to the strong, and which is rarely attained by woman, whose nerves, weaknesses, and constitutional shortcomings generally unfit her for the strain of such labour as comes naturally and easily on the broader shoulders of her sons or brothers. Even, therefore, in this slighter matter of building "clothes" and contrasting colours, does man, the leader, take a leading part, while woman, with her nimble fingers, dainty devices, and quick comprehension, is all the more fitted as exponent of his ideas. But, in this, as in other walks of life, if the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, it remains evident that her place, even in the workroom, must remain in that secondary *statu quo* which Nature seems still to preach, all arguments and protestations to the contrary notwithstanding.

M. B. C.

\* "Le tre à d'Alcembert." Note 22,



## THE REVIVAL OF JANE AUSTEN.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS HAS JUST PUBLISHED A HANDSOME "WINCHESTER" EDITION OF JANE AUSTEN IN TEN BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES. MR. EDMUND GOSSE, THE DISTINGUISHED CRITIC, WRITES AN APPRECIATION OF THE GREAT NOVELIST.

The steady growth of Miss Austen's reputation is a consolation to some readers and a matter of offence and alarm to others. To those who demand from fiction that it should "flourish its arms like a windmill,



JANE AUSTEN'S HOUSE AT WINCHESTER.  
Photo by R. Hadow, Winchester.

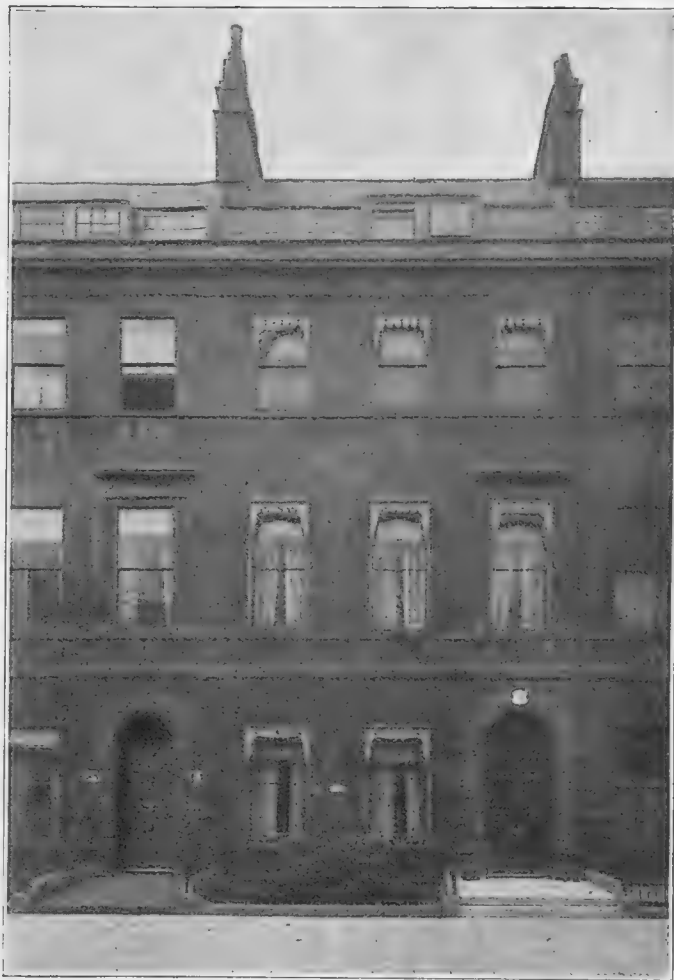
and shout with the voice of three," that it should ceaselessly disturb, alarm, intoxicate the animal instincts of the reader, the author of "Emma" appears not merely *négligéable*, but positively noxious. Her quiet supremacy is an offence to novelists of the epileptic order. But, happily, there is still a harvest, albeit a meagre and a lessening one, for the quiet eye. Still, Miss Austen's lovers are those who would rather smile than shout with Rabelaisian guffaws, rather listen eagerly for the whisper of life than themselves make such a riot that its loudest notes can scarcely be heard. There is no such reproof to the redundant quackery of what is falsely called imaginative literature to-day, to the blind, noisy books in which reviewers find "not a dull page from first to last," as lurks within the six faultless domestic satires of Jane Austen. Each new edition of her consummate writings is to be welcomed, because it means a fresh attack by Jack o' the Beanstalk on the great, lubbering giant of modern literary anarchy.

We know (thank heaven!) so little of the actual conduct of Miss Austen's life, she is withdrawn so far from us in the ethereal delicacy of her reticence, that we talk of her, as our fathers used to talk of Shakspeare, as of a sort of *lusus*—an accidental being who did not know what she was doing, and who was a genius by accident. We forget that, among the slight indications which are given to us, there is enough to prove that she was a woman of a cultivation most rare at that epoch. She had "an exquisite taste in every species of literature," and it was from the study of literature that she rose to the study of man. "Faultless herself as near as human nature can be," she examined humanity from the standpoint of a culture too extended to betray its possessor into the grotesque faults of priggishness or pedantry. She knew, with that balanced instinct for reality which was at the centre of all she thought and did, that allusions to Alessio Baldovinetti would not be appropriate to conversations round the tea-table in a country vicarage a hundred years ago. Her brush, as she says, was too "fine" for coarse daubing, and "produced little effect" in the eyes of those who cannot see a painting unless it is loudly didactic or gaudily emotional.

She began in raillery of the abuse of imagination. Her own youth had been fed on silly tales of horror, romances about headless ghosts and bloody monks, statues whose noses dropped gore at midnight, and mysterious visitants who groaned in Gothic ruins. For these books, at the close of last century, there was a vogue not less than that for Miss Marie Corelli's works to-day. Professor Raleigh, who has made a special study of these lost romances, tells us that "Vicissitudes Abroad; or, The Ghost of My Father," which seems to have been a sort of "Sorrows of Satan" of the moment, enjoyed a prodigious success in 1806. This was the very time when the manuscript of "Pride and Prejudice," refused by the fashionable novel-publisher of the moment, was gathering dust in a drawer. Miss Austen, then, must be considered, not merely in the light of her own work, but against a background of a specially nauseous outburst of that craving for supernatural horrors and extravagant, violent effects, which is a disease to be checked, but never to be eradicated from the baser part of man.

In raillery, then, of this abuse of false and ghastly fancy, Jane Austen began, in "Northanger Abbey." But she soon learned that for an instrument so delicate as hers there was better work to do than to ridicule a momentary trick. A single fashionable foible is a trifling matter to one who sees the ridiculous in all aspects of human intercourse. The maiden meditations of the novelist at Chawton were never disturbed, and her vision never put out of focus, by the arrival of a great emotion directed to herself. She lived in seclusion, protected from the passions, concentrating more and more intensely her unrivalled powers of observation. She became, indeed, perhaps the closest observer of the detail of human life that has ever lived, and yet without ever losing that sort of bloom of benevolence the absence of which injures, by a naked cynicism or cruelty, the penetration of La Rochefoucauld or the clairvoyance of Swift. Miss Austen has no flashes of disturbing indignation; she never stamps nor raves; but when she is obliged to overhear what Mrs. Elton and Jane Fairfax are talking of, or when she finds herself *tête-à-tête* with Henry Crawford, she is careful by no movement of her own to disturb the easy *naïveté* of their self-revelation.

She is the calmest, the least perturbed, of satirists, and to this watchful quietness is largely due her incomparable veracity. Her control over her characters consists in her letting them absolutely have their own way. She can give them leave to go or come, for she is entirely acquainted with their springs of action. What we know of Mr. Knightley is extensive, but it is as nothing in comparison with what Miss Austen knows. Mr. Marcus Stone has just told us that Anthony Trollope had formed no definite picture of his characters, and could not explain whether they were tall or short, dark or fair. This displays a limited and chilled imagination; if anything is obvious about Miss Austen, it is that she saw her persons as plainly as she saw her sister and the young gentlemen at Steventon. She could have informed us what kind of a coat Colonel Brandon was wearing when he told Mrs. Dashwood that he loved Marianne. She could have repeated to us what the butler said to the maids in the servants' hall after his having stated to Miss Price that Sir Thomas wished to speak to her. This



JANE AUSTEN'S HOUSE: 24, SYDNEY PLACE, BATH.  
Photo by Lambert and Lambert, Bath.

amazing impression of her incapacity to make any mistake about the acts, thoughts, or emotions of her characters seems to be at the root of that unwearying admiration with which Jane Austen inspires us after a hundred years of vicissitude in taste and fashion. EDMUND GOSSE.

## THE BEAUTIFUL MISS GUNNING.

Mr. Frankfort Moore, in "The Fatal Gift" (Hutchinson and Co.), has overcome brilliantly a difficulty which has defeated novelists without number. He has made us realise the fatal gift of beauty which redeems in all eyes—except in those of her own sex—the essential unloveliness of the character of



MARIA GUNNING.

his leading heroine, the beautiful Maria Gunning. The young lady is selfish, greedy, ungrateful, and almost as worldly and worthless as her inexpressibly vulgar mother; but she is divinely lovely, and Mr. Frankfort Moore, by a *tour de force*, makes us understand how naturally and inevitably fatal this gift is to others as to herself. We are first introduced to her when she is in the act of eloping with a scoundrel who is almost as repellent in manners as in morals. Maria snatches at his suggestion of an elopement (only as the drowning would snatch at any hand, however foul) as a means of escape from a Connaught bog, where her sole conquest was Jimmy Blake, a young fellow a thousand times too good for her whom she and her odious mother sponged upon continually and scorned for his very generosity. She is saved from the brink of the ruin to which this ruffian had dragged her by the famous actress, Ann Bellamy, who, in a brilliant scene, lures the fellow on to showing his true colours and designs under the very eyes of the girl he had marked for his prey. Nor does the kindness of this gracious actress end here. She rescues Maria and her sister Betty, who was as divine in soul as in person, from the bogs of Connaught and from the rocks and shoals of debts, duns, and all the degradation of genteel destitution, and launches them upon the full tide that bore them at last to greatness. Their overwhelming triumphs at a Viceregal ball, to which the actress had secured them an invitation, leads to yet greater successes in London, where Maria by a single and impulsive act of disinterestedness—her acceptance of a man whom she supposed to be of no social account—redeems for a moment her character as a heartless coquette. When, however, this man, who turns out to be Lord Blantyre, the son of a Marquis and heir to half an English county, learns from her own lips her early escapade—the abortive elopement—he hesitates, and is lost, or, at least, loses her. In a fine scene she haughtily discards him, and by an immediate elopement with Lord Coventry—the *fiancé* of her benefactress—whom she accepts only as a *pis aller* and in pique, she rivets her resolution to be off for ever with the old love. Meanwhile, her sister Betty, who had long coveted the chivalrous heart Maria had scorned—of Jimmy Blake—had also her disillusionment. She had even hinted her own love for Jimmy in condoling with him upon her sister's scorn of his addresses—a hint which the infatuated youth fortunately fails to understand, for, soon after, she awakes from her long-cherished passion as from a dream, to find that her real hero is the Duke of Hamilton, whom she had half-refused. The Duke, however, persists, and persists with a magnanimity which would have done Jimmy himself honour. Betty's rival, Mrs. Ruthven, possessed by the malice of a woman scorned—

Heaven has no rage like love to  
hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman  
scorned—

persuades Betty that a dying child has a sick longing to see "the beautiful Miss Gunning," and conducts her to the room where it lies. But the child, whom the kind-hearted Betty stooped to kiss, was dead—and dead of small-pox. Taking it for granted that Betty must catch the fell disease, Mrs. Ruthven writes a taunting and triumphant letter to the Duke, which has the chivalrous effect of precipitating the marriage she designed to prevent. Betty, however, escapes the small-pox, which Jimmy Blake, who had accompanied her to the dead child's bedside, takes fatally. This brilliant novel is alive with movement and alight with wit, and will do much to enhance Mr. Frankfort Moore's high reputation.

RICHARD ASHIE KING.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The present state of the Liberal or Radical Party seems indeed parlous, and, unless its political opponents will lend it a few eminent politicians and a few seats in Parliament, it is likely to be worse before it is better. Its leaders have abdicated right and left, and nobody seems to have any great desire to take the vacant post. At present the Liberals are sheep without a shepherd; a new leader would be something like a shepherd without sheep. How is he to harmonise the Imperialism of Lord Rosebery or Sir Edward Grey with the views of those that regard warlike patriotism as "a filthy rag," or, like Mr. Labouchere, object to annexations because they personally are ignorant of geography? And what is to be his view as to the proper place of Home Rule in the party "program" now that "Labor" seems to be threatening Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites alike with a Socialistic upheaval?

The present unequal balance of parties cannot last. There is in British politics a constant tendency to strengthen the weaker side. All those offended by Government blunders—and what Government does not make many blunders?—drift to the Opposition. All those who justly or unjustly deem their services insufficiently recognised and rewarded will desert the Government. The party in power can only perform a little; the party out of power can promise anything. It would not take much, for instance, to draw Sir Edward Clarke into the Liberal ranks temporarily—till Liberals came into power, when he would again become their candid friend and give them away on every possible occasion. There are several such; as time goes on there will be more. Constituencies will exhaust the purses of their members with subscriptions, and crave for fresh money-bags. And clever men, undecided in political opinion, will turn to the party in which they are most likely to be at a premium.

So some day, perhaps distant, perhaps near, will bring back the Liberals to supremacy. Once more the Sovereign will send for the chief of the party to form a Ministry—and who will be the chief? That is a matter which, the optimistic say, can be left to the Sovereign. Now, her Majesty and her immediate successor are both known to possess great tact in such matters, but the leadership of a great party should not, as a rule, be left to the appointment of a Queen or King. Such an apparent interference in party politics would inevitably offend the ardent Democrats on the Liberal side, and would shake at once the credit of the leader selected and the lofty impartiality which has come to be the traditional attribute of the Crown. The Sovereign cannot well go below the surface. The chosen and accredited chief of a party is the Premier when that party comes into power, unless, as in the case of 1880, the real leader is not the official leader, but is still obeyed and followed.

And there is another matter also to consider. A party without a recognised leader and an authorised programme does not win bye-elections, except from very local and petty considerations; in the great wave of a general election, it is carried away. Not long ago, Sir William Harcourt was harassing the Government with much spirit and some success, and the organs of his party were growing lyric over "political meteorology," and forecasting triumph in rapturous rule-of-three sums. Now seat after seat falls vacant, and not even a candidate can be found to contest the election. Tory succeeds Tory, and Unionist Unionist, and though local malcontents object to the choice, no Opposition champion arises for their votes. Why is this? Evidently because there is no recognised leader, no common aim, and no party enthusiasm.

What the Liberal Party wants is a new man, a young man, an audacious man—a Lord Randolph Churchill, in fact, who will cheerfully ignore party traditions and personal considerations and go for the Government pertinaciously on some evidently weak point. Lord Randolph Churchill first made his mark by ostentatiously ignoring the reverence which many Conservatives felt for Mr. Gladstone, and treating the old statesman with a brisk irreverence that amused the public. It was not, perhaps, a noble sport, but it brought out very clearly the weaknesses of Mr. Gladstone and his party. The country needs someone to do the same for some of the present fetishes of Parliament. The new Lord Randolph of the Liberals would, of course, begin by flouting his own leaders and defying what authority they may be supposed to possess. Then he would fix on some small but weak point in the action of the Government—some point in which Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives were at variance—and would manipulate the debate so adroitly as to get, say, a dozen prominent Liberal-Unionists to vote against the Government. This would be the thin end of the wedge.

But the new man must not only be audacious and clever, and a master of Parliamentary practice. He must have a real constructive policy that appeals to the masses. Old-age pensions and the housing of the poor are not enough; they are useful and needed, but there is no drum and trumpet about them. Something big and Imperial must be joined to domestic reform. Why not a plan of Chinese Empire? Why not an Anglo-American alliance for the reorganisation and financial regeneration of South America? Why not a number of great and feasible plans? No party will ever get back into power on a critical and negative policy. Mr. John Morley is the type of man that is always, at heart, in Opposition. He is a Democrat, and does not believe in the "eight hours" rule. He is a Home Ruler, and distrusts priests. And I should not be surprised if by the time he has finished his biography he regards Mr. Gladstone as a Greatly Overrated Man. MARMITON.



ELIZABETH GUNNING.





MISS AMY AUGARDE AS DICK WHITTINGTON, AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



A STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON A. VON MEYER-W., EXHIBITED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.



## SIR HENRY IRVING—THE GREATEST ACTOR OF THE CENTURY.

"I am a great man," Mr. Ruskin once said, and the average person, rather shocked by so much self-assertion, is forgetful of the fact that Horace and Shakspeare and others have said as much about themselves, and that time has justified them. Time will doubtless justify Mr. Ruskin, of whom Mazzini declared that he possessed the most analytic mind in Europe. With equal justification might Sir Henry Irving, the foremost actor of our day, declare himself to be "a great man." The world hesitates to accept these appraisements. However much we may have come under the glamour of the great actor, it is so hard for us to recognise the great ones among contemporaries. In the art of the painter we know exactly where we stand. One has only to go to the New Gallery, and admire—as one is bound to admire—the fine paintings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and then to cross the road to Burlington House, to see the magnificent works of Rembrandt, to recognise that at the New Gallery we are in the presence of a small Master, and that at the Royal Academy we are in the presence of a great Master. In literature, appraisal is more difficult, and most of us are tempted to say that the great Masters are all dead, and that there is no suspicion of a Scott, a Shelley, or even a Tennyson, in our midst.

In the dramatic world things are different. The art of the actor has many sides to it; a certain type of impersonation requires only the most simple and unaffected rhetorical effort. With another actor the case is met by a judicious management of stage-effects. The actor, it may, alas, be admitted, cultivates the most ephemeral of all the arts; a few years after he is dead he becomes a tradition. Elderly gentlemen shake their heads at his successors, and say that one should have seen Fechter or Kean in the part, if one wanted to know how the thing should be done. Nevertheless, we have a fairly verifiable tradition concerning most of our great actors—the Garricks, the Kears, the Kembles—of the past. They have never been credited with a genius for stage-management, or with any special subtlety in the general presentation of great plays. They were most of them plain, blunt men. Garrick, in particular, seems to have been a good comrade, or he would not have been admitted to Johnson's magic circle. He was also a great actor, as his most light-hearted age understood acting. Still, we search in vain in the biographies of these men, and among the traditions concerning them, to discover that they were possessed of much intellectual grip or that they were endowed with a very deep inspiration. They belonged to an order of which Phelps and Barry Sullivan, who amused our fathers, and of whom we have now but the dimmest remembrance, were, in a sense, the last survivors.

It is not difficult, however, to maintain for Sir Henry Irving his title to the greatest place in the history of British drama. That title would still be assured were Irving a quite inconsiderable actor. We should still honour him profoundly were he not capable of making us feel that the stage, when he occupied it, was possessed by an extraordinary individuality. To him, and to him alone, is to be accorded the distinction of having compelled a recognition of the drama in quarters where for many generations the drama had been associated with every conceivable form of Satanic influence. There are thousands of Presbyterians in Scotland, and thousands of Nonconformists in England—hundreds of thousands of what are called Evangelical Christians, in fact—with whom a visit to the Lyceum Theatre was their first experience of play-going. They found there a magnificent presentation, it may be, of "The Merchant of Venice," of "Hamlet," of "King Lear." In every case they found a perfect realisation of the plays of that dramatist, whose mighty tragedies and comedies of life even they would agree to read in the study, and permit their children to read in the schoolroom, and they were carried for the first time into a new world of romance. Not a line, a word, a gesture could be counted cause for offence. They found the magnificent diction of our greatest poet, the subtle insight of our finest interpreter of human nature, combined with an absolute fairyland of stage-manipulation. Irving also provided a cast which has many splendid reminiscences, even

apart from the great hero of the scene—a cast which recalls memories of poor Terriss, of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, of Mr. Howe, to say nothing of Miss Ellen Terry, the most charming actress and the most fascinating woman on the English stage.

Let me remind you how narrow-minded, how dull, how sordid was the Puritanism of twenty years ago in many of its aspects; that its favourite prose was Arthur's "Successful Merchant" and Smiles's "Self-Help"—books full of a sordid greed for "getting on"—that the standard of poetry and of fiction was equally low; that its illogical mind permitted one commonplace pantomime at the Crystal Palace to its children, or a second-rate entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration, but looked aghast at anything in the shape of a theatre. Only those who are fully cognisant of that detestable and narrow Puritanism can fully measure the depth of our gratitude to Irving for having been one of the most effective influences in emancipating an intelligent portion of the community—a portion which had many virtues, which loved temperance and honesty, and of which the very self-righteousness was not

without some saving grace—from a narrow and bigoted environment to become intelligent patrons of one of the most educating and elevating forms of art.

But this is not the whole of Sir Henry Irving's claim on the gratitude of his own age and on that of posterity. He has always been a man of high ideals. Certain low creatures who in this country and in the United States have spread broadcast suggestions of disaster and of failure—have told us that he was face to face with irreparable ruin, that Miss Terry was separating herself from his company, and so on—can scarcely be expected to understand that even if it were true—which it is not—there can be no real failure for Sir Henry Irving; that his success lies in the thousands of people in England and America whom he has healthily influenced and happily inspired. To him, as to the Richelieu whom he brilliantly impersonated, there can be no such word as fail. Is he not the only member of his profession who has received the recognition of the Crown, and who has enjoyed the personal friendship of a Prime Minister!

I have said that there has been a disposition to undermine Sir Henry Irving's popularity in certain quarters. It has taken many forms, and it has been assisted by journals the editors of which would never willingly have given Sir Henry Irving one moment's pain. These editors, both English and American, have been unconscious of the indirect influences which

had gone to furnish forth certain paragraphs that they published. These stories, which have appeared indiscriminately in New York and in London, have told us that Miss Terry was leaving Irving, that his theatre was to be sold, that he was in hopeless financial embarrassment, that he was to be made the object of a public subscription, and so on. All this is absolutely false. Sir Henry Irving will return to the stage in the company of Miss Terry, the Lyceum is not to be sold, and it is not proposed to raise any public subscriptions for the great actor. That there may be at some time or other a testimonial to him, in recognition of his great services to the British Drama, every one of his admirers must hope; and all his admirers will rejoice that, after his severe illness, the strain of theatre-management is to be lessened by the taking over of the Lyceum by a small private company, upon terms exceedingly generous to the famous actor-manager. To hold possession of the stage night after night, and to have upon his shoulders many managerial duties, is, Sir Henry Irving naturally considers, a sufficiency of responsibility, and some small portion of his past duties will, we are all happy to think, be delegated under the new conditions. The primary fact, however, remains, that our greatest actor has returned to London in the best of health and spirits, that he will appear with Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum Theatre at the opening of the London Season, and that he will, a little later, visit the United States, where he is sure of a welcome no less hearty and enthusiastic than that which he will always secure from his British admirers.

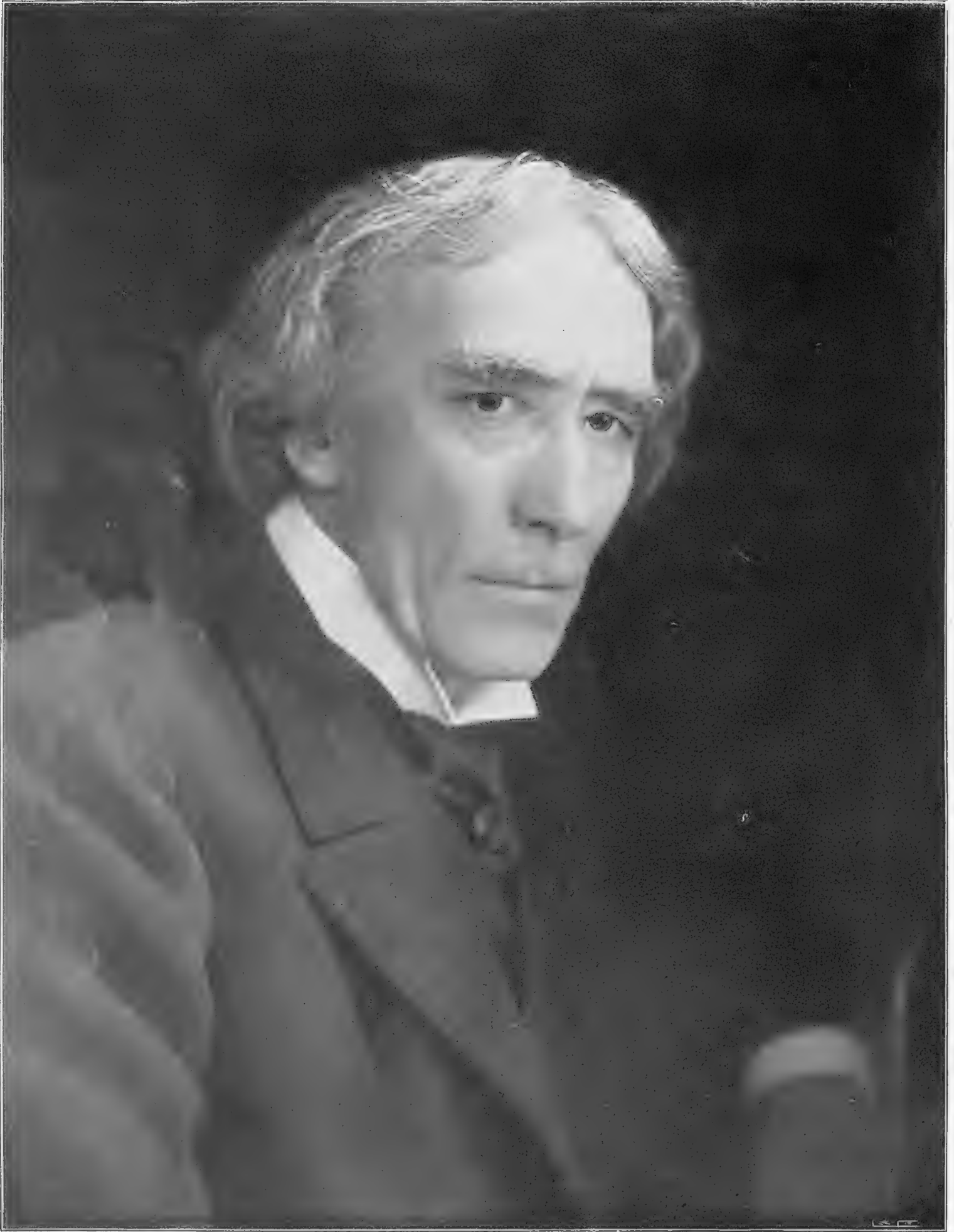
C. K. S.



EXTERIOR OF SIR HENRY IRVING'S CHAMBERS, 15A, GRAFTON STREET.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

"RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!"



SIR HENRY IRVING, Kt.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY TAKEN BY CHARLES HESTED, AND COPYRIGHTED BY "THE SKETCH."



THE GREATEST ACTOR OF THE CENTURY.



SIR HENRY IRVING, Kt.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY TAKEN BY CHARLES HESTED, AND COPYRIGHTED BY "THE SKETCH."

"ON AND OFF," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



*Madame Brumaire (Miss Chester) trounces her husband (Mr. Arliss) for defending her daughter (Miss Elliott Page's) husband.*



*The son-in-law has been masquerading as M. Godfray (Mr. Paul Arthur), the Comptroller of the Wagons-Lits.*



*Madame Brumaire wants to know where her son-in-law (Mr. Giddens) got the stays. He really brought them from Nangis, where he is courting Rosa Martel.*



*Madame du Patty has a strange nervous twitch of the head which seems to bid suitors come to her*



*The son-in-law panders to his mother-in-law's spiritualistic fancies by putting a phonophone in the chandelier.*



*She tries it on George Godfray (Mr. Giddens).*



# "ON AND OFF," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



*She tries it also on the Railway Manager (Mr. W'yes), and her husband (Mr. J. L. Mackay) attacks the three gentlemen who "made up" to her.*



*But M. Alfred Godfray (the real railway official) runs George to earth and makes love to Rosa.*



*The three beg his pardon, and are compelled to promise to buy his wine.*



*The Brumaires bear down on George and play the phonophone trick on him. Hence his terror here.*



*The Martel's happy home at Nangis, where M. George Godfray, masquerading as a divorced man, comes to woo Mlle. Rosa Martel (Miss Lucie Milner).*



*When the Brumaires actually appear at table, George is horrified, and defends himself with a soda-water bottle.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Helen Mathers' "Bam Wildfire" (Thomas Burleigh) is a singularly clever psychological study of a girl who, as the Spanish proverb has it, "wants better bread than can be made of wheat." Bam expects too much in marriage, forgetting Rochefoucauld's "il y a de bons mariages; mais il n'y en a point de délicieux." At the same time, it must be admitted that both this special experiment of her own and her experience generally of other marriages were unfortunate. She marries a man who answers to O'Connell's witty description—"he had all the characteristics of a poker, except its occasional warmth"; while her gentlemen friends bear out the sweeping indictment against our sex made by the Mentor of the book—"Men are polygamous by instinct, insatiable as animals." If Bam's experiences were not as exceptional as they were unfortunate, we should have long since reverted to the animal state. Bam herself certainly deserved better luck in marriage than she had; but whether she would have been happier with the Bayard of the story, Gregory Strange, is problematical. As her bosom-friend Sue truly says, "All this rare unselfishness and fierce constancy of love would never have been brought out in Gregory had you really loved him, and given yourself

In this later volume it is perhaps Selina whose light shines brightest. Her sneaking enjoyment in paying calls with her elders, and dressing-up for the occasion, is not weakly overlooked; but one radiant moment in her existence is immortalised, and the others have none to show that can compare. The special study of Selina was naval history, and one Twenty-first of October, with never a newspaper or an Olympian to remind her of the day's significance, nay, just because of the whole world's ignoring of it—it was before the formation of the Navy League—she went apart to mourn her country's black ingratitude. "Why can't we do something?" she burst out presently. "He—he did everything; why can't we do anything for him?" The gardener had been burning leaves, and the tongues of flame and the smoke made pictures in her brain—"smoke from out of which at last she saw, as through a riven pall, the radiant spirit of the Victor crowned with the coronet of a perfect death." Then came her great idea. Like all ideas, it defied the order of the dull, slow-moving world. The pea-sticks, the greenhouse fuel, sacred in the eyes of the Olympians and their gardener, were fetched, and a grand fire was kindled and prodded by the priestess, who murmured, "I *knew* there was something we could do. It isn't much—but still it's something." And only Selina and the stars saw it—but it is burning still.



*Of course, it all ends happily. George goes back to his wife, Alfred gets Rosa, and even Madame Brumaire and her husband forget to wrangle.*

"ON AND OFF," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

up to him, as you must have done had you wholly loved him." The truth is, Bam had to learn the lesson of every courtship and marriage—

All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed;

and she learns it at last at much cost both to herself and to others. Her husband also learns at last his lesson—that a wife needs not only an implicit assurance, but a daily demonstration, of a husband's love—and the curtain falls on the promise and prospect of a reunion of calm if not ecstatic happiness.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame's recollections and imaginings of childhood are not nearly exhausted. There is no lack of matter in his new book, "Dream Days" (Lane), a worthy successor to "The Golden Age." The form is the same—a series of scenes in the lives, outer and inner, of children. The actors are the same: the masterful and somewhat scornful Edward; Selina, suspected of hankering after the trumpery joys of the grown-up world, yet capable of magnificent enthusiasms that no grown-up person has stirred; Harold the happy, the entirely unexpected, the unguessable; Charlotte, sailing in this later book from the indefiniteness of extreme youth into perilous paths of audacity; and the recorder of it all, who comes somewhere in the middle, who perceives so clearly the contest between the best of life and the Olympian—that is, the grown-up ideal—and who is always frankly against the Olympians.

Before this tale, that of the purloining of the doll, the bull and the two or three Noah's Ark animals, all old and tried friends, from the package in which they were prisoned fast, ready to be despatched, without consent of their owners, to the Children's Hospital, seems tame and, at first sight, sordid. But it was neither. The pillage took place in the darkness of night, and sentiment, not greed, was the motive. The trophy was buried under the moon. In familiar ground some of the old friends rested.

In certain directions Mr. Grahame's insight into child-life is nothing short of marvellous. The well-to-do, intelligent child, lucky enough to be allowed the privileges of his age, plenty of play and irresponsibility, well enough brought up to know what discipline means, and spirited enough to kick against it—this child he has entirely fathomed. His revelation of how foolish the ways of grown folks may seem to babes and sucklings is astonishing and salutary. His humour and sympathy are unfailing; and it is all devoted to the children. He holds a brief for them, is proud to be their spokesman. But he addresses, I think, the Olympians. It is they that will listen and applaud. Children are not realists, and, so long as they are Red Indians and fairies and goblins and giants and buffalo-hunters, they will prefer these to themselves re-created with no matter how much sympathy and genius by Mr. Grahame. o. o.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

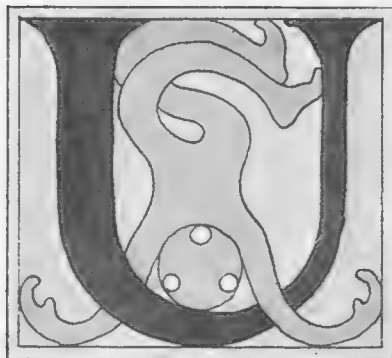


SPINSTER AUNT: Never mind, my dear; if you get a bad 'un, he's very bad; and if you get a good 'un, he's only middlin'.

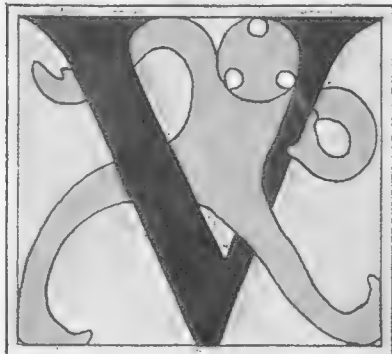
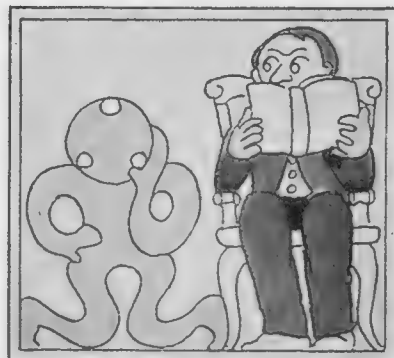
BY GELETT BURGESS

# A BIOGRAPHY OF FAMOUS GOOPS

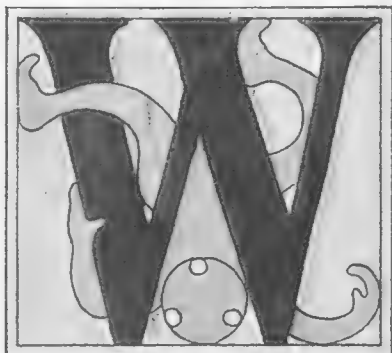
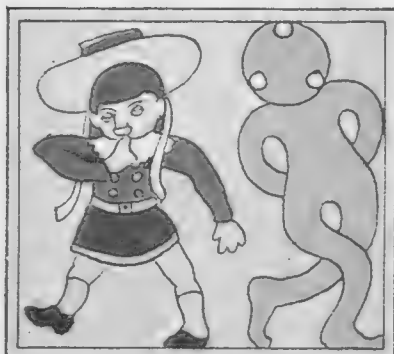
URIAH TO ZIBEON



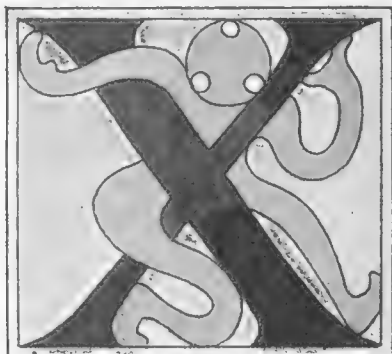
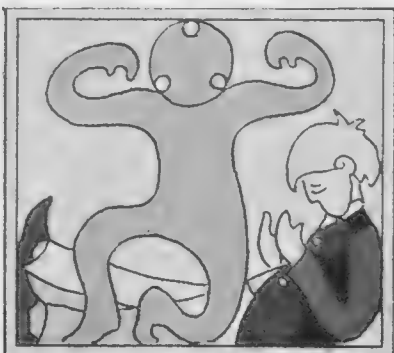
URIAH never licked his Knife;  
Nor Sucked his Fingers, in his Life!  
He never reached to Help Himself  
To Lollipops upon the Shelf.  
He never Popped his Cherry-Pits;  
*But he had Horrid Sulky Fits!*



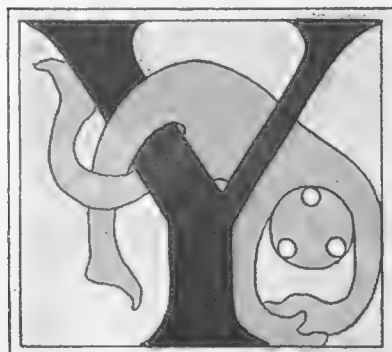
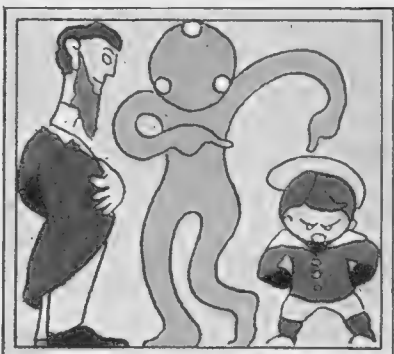
To see young VIVIOUS at his Work,  
You knew he'd Never, Never Shirk;  
The Most Unpleasant Things he'd Do  
If but his Mother Asked him to;  
*But when young VIVIOUS grew Big,  
It seems he was a Norful Prig!*



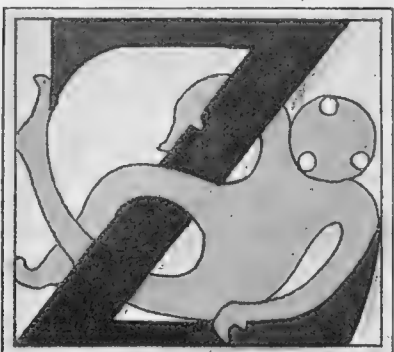
Why WABAN always Seemed so Sweet,  
Was that he kept so Clean and Neat.  
He never Smooched his Face with Coal;  
His Picture-Books were Clean and Whole;  
He Washed his Hands Four Times a Day,  
*But Oh, what Horrid Words he'd Say!*



What can I say of XENOGOR,  
Except he Always Shut the Door,  
He Always put his Toys away  
When he had Finished with his Play?  
*But here his List of Virtues Ends;  
A Tattle-Tale does not Make Friends!*



YERO and ZIBEON were such  
As Casual Callers Flatter much;  
Their Maiden Aunts would often Say,  
"How Good, how Pure, how Dear are They!"  
*They almost drove their Mother Crazy,  
They were so Slow! They were so Lazy!*





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

UNSHRIVEN.

BY EDWARD NOBLE.

A man and a girl stood on the high sea-wall, within touch of the flashing river; the man tall, dark, well-favoured; the girl fair and slight, with rounded form and dancing eyes—a picture of laughing, heedless, English girlhood; all flurried and ruffled by the noisy breeze and the grey pallor of the man's stern face.

"Lucy."

"Well?"

"Is there nothin' I can do to make you think better of me? Have you quite forgotten?"

"No," she returned petulantly; "I've not forgotten—it's only I never meant to remember."

The man drew breath slowly.

"And you'll not see me again, or give me a chance—to win you foot to foot with Hazel?"

"No! I have said it—you have no right to persist."

"No, I have no rights, only Hazel has the right. He's skipper of a steamer, an', although she's only a tug-boat, it's more money, an' it's steam; whilst I'm in sail, Master of a no-account schooner. No, I've got no rights, an' that's the trewth."

The man spoke bitterly, with a hard inflection in his voice that should have warned the girl; but, triumphant in the knowledge of having won number one, she turned with some asperity on number two.

"You've hit the truth," she cried; "you have no right. You know I've promised to—to marry Tom, and it's unfair."

"You've what?" he cried, his face leaping suddenly aflame.

"Lass! don't say it. For Gawd's sake don't you say it!"

"Why not? It's true," she returned, unheeding the misery ringing in his voice. "Why shouldn't it be true?"

He stared at her a while, speechless.

"And a month ago you took my kisses," he faltered. "Lucy! it's only a month—an' I've been foreign, an' couldn't speak."

"A month!" she interrupted, a smile rippling on her pretty face; "a month! It might just as well have been a year—I'd forgot."

The man flushed suddenly crimson, and his eyes flashed.

"Lucy!" he cried; "unsay that; you don't mean it; it isn't the truth!"

"It is," she retorted, gathering her skirts to pass him. "Let me go by—I shall be late."

"And that's all you'll give me?" he questioned hoarsely.

She tossed her head, and a glow of triumph flashed in her eyes.

"It's all you deserve, I'm sure."

"An' I'd 'a' died for you, Lucy. Do you understand? I'd 'a' died for you."

The girl made no audible response; she was looking out across the park, watching a smoky blotch lying in the sun's path far up the reach. The man, noting the direction of her gaze, turned also. A tug was slowly stemming the tide, coming to the anchorage.

"It's Tom Hazel's boat," he cried under his breath. "Lucy, you's the *Plunger* comin' to her berth. Is she prettier to look at than *The Brothers*? Look at it square, lass, an' deal fair by me."

"I have looked at it," she returned; "I've always looked at it, and I've chose, as I'd a right to choose."

"Then you'll marry Hazel—is that it, Lucy?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"What's the odds to you?" she questioned, tossing her pretty head. "You won't be there."

"Tell me when, Lucy! Tell me when!" he cried sharply. "Gawd! I have a right to know, d'ye understand? I have a right to know."

The girl eyed him timidly; the novelty of his stern, hard tones half-stunned her. She turned to him with a little, pathetic shiver.

"I think," she whispered, "we're to be married in—a week—from now."

The man stood silent a moment, then caught her by the hand.

"Right!" he cried. "I hear you say it, but—I'll wait. Understand, I'll wait. Say good-bye, Lucy."

"Good-bye," she replied coldly; then, half-relenting at the sight of his drawn face, added, "Dick—I'm sorry—believe me. I'm sorry."

And, without waiting to hear his reply, she wrenched free her hand and fled towards the village.

It was the eve of Lucy's wedding-day, and the sun was setting behind a jumbled forest of masts, lying off the wharves at the foot of the reach, when the girl came to watch for her lover's arrival.

Climbing the high, grass-grown bank, she stood gazing across the golden stretch of waters, which ended in the nebulous shadow-haze curtaining the distant city. London lay somewhere under that haze. The roar and turmoil of the giant city droned steadily beneath that blotch of sun-warmed smoke and cloud, and, somewhere amidst the tangle of wharves, and roofs, and grim factory shafts, Tom Hazel was steaming swiftly in his tug, coming from the docks to meet her.

The reach was full of shipping, steamers and sailing-vessels, threading slowly Londonward; some dainty, slim, and taut; others grim, unkempt,

and battered; some with great square yards and ponderous booms, others bare of all; some tall and precise, others squat and ragged; steam-trawlers, steam-barges, Scotchmen racing for the tide, stately liners accompanied by fussy blue-funnelled tugs; sailing-ships, barges—a perfect chaos of twisting, fluttering, churning barges, all bound up; but no *Plunger* slapping the foam-flecked river towards the anchorage—no *Plunger* for an hour, and then the sun had dipped in the haze and most of the vessels were lost in the distance.

The shadows were growing deeper; a chill wind swept from the sea, carrying with it a breath of the dallying winter. Still the girl waited and watched. Tom's letter said he would be off the pier at four; now it was half-past five, and still he had not come.

It grew darker, and the wind, moaning across the desolate marshland, echoed mournfully in her ears. Where was Tom—why had he not come? Lucy shivered, then, drawing her cloak about her, rose and hastened from the sea-wall.

Some distance across the park a causeway stretched its long neck into the river. Towards this the girl hurried, eager for news. She approached the Piermaster, and framed her question.

"The *Plunger*—Tom Hazel's boat? Yaas, went down river three hours ago, leavin' a note for you."

"A note? What note? I have not seen it."

"You've not got it? Lumme! an' I sent it up m'self immediate. Dang that chump-head boy!"

"Can you get it for me?"

"Yo'll have it, Missy. I'll see to it. Run you away home—maybe the boy's fetched it b' this."

This was certainly possible. The girl turned, and hastened to her mother's cottage at the foot of the alley; but the note had not come, and when, an hour later, it did come, a telegraph-boy arrived at the same time.

"A message for Lucy Thorrock," he remarked unconcernedly.

"For me! Where from?"

"It's wrote inside," said the boy.

"I s'pose it is, saucy. Give it here."

She took the two messages, and entered her home.

"Mother! mother!" she cried; "see here, there's two of 'em—a letter and a telegraph, both come at once. Who's right now?"

"Time'll tell, time'll tell," the old woman replied, with shaking head and hands upraised; "but there, you allays did fetch 'em; on'y don't you play 'em too long, Lucy—never you play 'em too long."

The girl tossed her head.

"It's a letter from Tom," she went on, reading quickly; "he says he can't come up to-night after all; he's had fresh orders, an' has had to go down river; but he must see me special, an' will let me know later where to meet him."

"Eigh!" said the old woman deprecatingly; "it's allays must nowadays. In my time it was, 'Will you, me pretty?' 'God love you, me pretty, can you?' Now it's must—must—must—allays must!"

"Tom says it nicely enough when he's speakin', I'm sure," said the girl, with a toss; "as nice as any man could, of that I'm certain. An' this," she continued, tearing the second envelope, "I doubt is the wire tellin' me where to go. I thought so. It's from Stanford, an' asks me to meet him at Tilbury Pier at eight o'clock. Mother, I've just time—I shall go."

"Eigh! A course you'll go, me maid; a course you'll go. It's the gells as do the courtin' nowadays. Lawd! in my time it was, 'Will I come and fetch you, m' pretty?' 'Will I give you m' arm fro the dawd streets, m' sweetest?' Now it's all must—must—must; I have no patience wid it, that I haven't."

"No, you never have any patience; it's I have the patience, mother," said the girl, as she bustled about getting her wraps.

"There, there!" returned her mother. "Go along wid you, go along; an' don't be late; for the weddin's to-morrow, an' then—there, there, go along wid you, an' hasten back; there's a maid."

A mist had fallen with the waning breeze soon after sunset, and, by the time the girl reached the desolate pier, the river's seaward reaches, and all the adjacent marshland, lay wrapped in a cloak of steaming moisture.

She walked cautiously down the nebulous pier, searching the shadows for signs of her lover, and as she approached the steps a man came out of the mist to meet her.

"Lookin' fer the *Plunger*'s boat, Missy?" he cried. "Yaas? Then come wi' me. I've bin waitin' a crewl whiles, an' a'most perished is the chap wot's come to fetch you, I'll lay a tanner."

"Where is Captain Hazel?" she questioned.

"Couldn't leave his boat, it's that foggy—sent a message by the chap, an' 'ere it is."

He handed her a twisted slip of paper, and stood waiting.

"Yes," she replied; "it's from Tom. I'll go off."

"Right," said the man; "then you come along with me. I know Tom Hazel; he's a good chap, he is. There, you take a holt o' my arm. Steady, Missy; this 'ere stage is abaft as slippy as a bucket o' 'eels, w'ich is the squirmiest thing I know. Stick on tight, there's a d'isy. Na then, Bill! Slumps the word! All aboard!"

This latter remark he shouted in a gruff voice as he landed the girl in the stern sheets of a wherry, and climbed again to the pier. Instantly a dark bundle uprose from the bottom boards, and rolled the sculls into the locks. Lucy found her tongue at this, and cried, half-fearfully, to know if the boatman were not coming also.

"Naa!" he returned, his voice sounding strangely muffled in the fog. "Bill's all right! You look a'ter 'er nose an' keep 'er straight, or you'll be gettin' all mixed up in this 'ere thunderin' fog, I'll lay a tanner!"

For a while the girl obeyed these instructions without misgiving, for she knew the river, and was accustomed to paddle about the reach at the foot of her village home; but now the conditions were altered. Ten minutes' silence, and ten minutes' rowing, had brought them into a strange, weird scene. The river was not the river she knew—it was all so quiet, so solemn, so appallingly sombre. She glanced about in fear. They lay in a vast sea of mist, through which the boat passed with a curious unreality, as though she swam in space.

The sky was mist, the shore mist-hidden, the vessels, tinkling on muffled bells, far and near, curtained in mist. All was shadowy, vague, intangible; all semi-luminous, white with the light of the hidden moon.

A steamer passed somewhere, moaning sorrowfully on her siren; the noise rolled across the river in curious billowy gusts of sound. A chorus of bells changed a warning; again the muffled, rolling echo. A noise of splashing, the rattling of chains, and distant voices cursing dully in the fog. Then the rower halted a moment, listening; the sounds died; he pulled strongly on his starboard scull, and continued in silence.

They had passed the last of the "Sandies" digging stolidly with "bag and spoon" off Coalhouse Point.

At length the girl could brook the intolerable suspense no longer. She turned to the oarsman.

"How much farther have we to go?" she questioned.

The man made no sign of having heard.

"Where is the *Plunger*?"

Still no reply.

"Surely you can answer me! Surely you can say how much farther we must go?"

The girl's voice rang with the echo of tears. The map stayed rowing abruptly, and leaned on his sculls.

"Yes," he returned, "I can answer you. Tom Hazel never sent the wire. I sent the wire."

"You! you!" she cried, with a shriek of fear. "Oh, Dick! what have I done—what have I done that you should treat me so? Turn back! Take me home—take me home at once!"

"What have you done?" he questioned with grim brevity. "You've let me love you—that's what you've done."

"Could I help that?" she moaned feebly; "could I help that?"

"Could you help it? Of course you could. You let me love you. You let me kiss you. You've clung to my arm so's you've touched my cheek wi' your bright golden hair, and sent the shivers through me, like as if I'm jabbed wi' knives. You've done that, an' now you chuck me aside like a stove-in bucket."

"Oh, it's a lie! I never loved you—an' you know it."

"Then why did you snug down in my arms an' let me love you? Answer me that an' I've done."

The girl sobbed quietly without response.

"An' to-morrow you're to marry Hazel? Right! But there's two dogs in every fight. Lucy, Tom Hazel will never be your mate whiles I'm a livin' man. Gawd! what do you take me for? Wheer's Hazel now—why don't he come an' help you? Answer me that an' I've done."

Still no reply, only a faint wail of terror.

"Wheer's Hazel?" the man continued, unheeding. "Lissen; I'll tell you wheer he is. He's up river; it's likely he's waitin' now, fer the note's delayed that he sent, an' mine took its place. Now, what d'ye say to that—you as laughed at me, you as played wi' me, what d'ye say to that?"

The girl had nothing to say; she was speechless with fear and shivering with cold. A low moan was the only sound that fell. The man rolled his sculls inboard and came into the stern-sheets, divesting himself of his heavy coat at the hearing.

"Gawd love you!" he cried hoarsely. "I'm a brute to talk so. Take this wrop—you're hawlf froze; take it!"

"No, no! I won't touch your coat! I will freeze or drown sooner than take your help!"

Her anger leaped quick at the sound of his gentler tones.

The man breathed hard.

"Do you mean that?" he questioned grimly.

"I do."

"Right! That settles it."

And silence fell once more.

It was cold on the river, horribly cold, and unutterably lonely. The ships were all at anchor, and the skiffs "hauled up" for the night. The dank moisture crept in great, sweat-like drops on the thwarts, and trickled slowly aft. Everything was sodden, everything shrouded in white; nothing moved, nothing broke the stillness; the silence was intense.

For a while they drove thus with the tide; then the man bent once more to the sculls, and the night held no sound but the monotonous click of the rowlocks as they drifted slowly on.

Once the girl glanced overside, but the river ran in curdling streaks of dirty scum; carrying floating garbage and bubbling horrors in seething, swirling stretches, far into the vague beyond. She shrank back appalled. She could not bring her eyes to look again, for with that

glance an unutterable thought had flashed and died. She sat fingering the useless yoke-lines, struggling to pierce the dense white air.

Only once she called to her companion, asking whither they went. His answer came in a jangling monotone, one word—"Home."

So they continued, sometimes rowing, sometimes driving, but always silent; until they had passed a dim light flashing weirdly out of space, and Chapman Head, with its clanging fog-bell, had died in the mists astern.

Then, suddenly as it seemed, a swift, upward shriek from an unseen sirene filled the night with jets of sound, and the girl leaned forward questioning.

"What is it—Oh! what is it?"

"A steamer, under way."

"A steamer! Oh, ask them to take us!"

"To take us?" he questioned grimly. "I will."

For a space they sat listening, but heard no sound; then again a space, marking a growing rumble like the muttering roll of distant thunder. Then the man leaned on his sculls, and, pointing into the night, whispered hoarsely—

"D'ye hear that noise, lass?"

"Yes, I hear it. Take me home."

"It's a propeller, Lucy, lashin' high out of water. Is it any use?"

"Is what any use?"

"Will you come back an' odds the extre money. I love you, Lucy, an' you loved me. Will you come?"

"I never loved you!" she cried angrily; "and now I hate you!"

"Right!" he answered without a tremor. "Then take holt o' the thwarts an'—sit—tight."

He resumed the sculls as he spoke, pulled a little on one, pulled a little on both, then waited.

And out of the mist there came a flat-bowed collier, with blinking head-lights and drowsy watch; then, too, came a great grey wave, leaping through the spume, and when it had passed the silence reigned unbroken.

## CAFÉ AU LAIT.

(To G.C.)

I'm tired of all those gods of Greece,  
And goddesses in nature's dress,  
With lives on a perpetual lease,  
And morals knowing no finesse.  
I have a theme that beats the lot—  
My goddess of the Coffee-Pot.

From Jove's thick head she didn't spring,  
In armour full, from top to toe;  
She doesn't go meandering  
Sublunar, in incognito.  
My goddess mixes strong and hot  
The nectar in the Coffee-Pot.

She flits by no Parnassian rills,  
She doesn't play the goat with gods;  
She's born and bred on Sussex hills,  
Eats Sussex peas from Sussex pods.  
She skips about no maudlin grots—  
Her business is with Coffee-Pots.

Great Jupiter, in days of old,  
Had Ganymede to mix his draughts  
In gallon-tankards made of gold;  
But Ganymede, with all his crafts,  
My goddess couldn't touch, for what  
Did *he* know of a Coffee-Pot?

Why, nothing. Very well. So much  
For Jupiter and Ganymede.  
My goddess, with unerring touch,  
Crushing the dusky, beany seed,  
Would Christianise a Hottentot  
Could he but sniff her Coffee-Pot.

She, with a glee naught could transcend,  
Like a Macbethian Wizard fakes  
The Chickorish-Tartarean blend,  
Black-boiling, when she daily takes,  
Awakened from somniferous cot,  
A bee-line for her Coffee-Pot.

The Lord forbid I should pursue  
The horrors worked within the deeps  
Of copper cauldron, like a U,  
Wherein from time to time she peeps.  
My soul, dark goddess, knoweth not  
The glories of thy Coffee-Pot.

Nymph, may my singing move thee more  
Than singing Coffee-Pots move me.  
I'll chirp thy coffee's praise galore,  
But leave, ah! leave me to my tea.  
So let me close with final dot  
The Epic of thy Coffee-Pot.

J. W. M.



## THE MODERN REDSKIN.

If ever I had an ambition as a youngster, it was to become a backwoodsman and go on the war-path against the Redskins. There's only one author I've ever read through three times, and that is Fenimore Cooper. That's twenty years ago, and I'm a young man still.



SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

When I was having my little jaunt on a bicycle across America, from San Francisco to New York, I met the real Red Indian. But what a falling off! He wasn't like Fenimore Cooper's "pisin"; he wasn't like my "pisin." Why, the first Red Indian I ever saw on his native heath was in a little place called Reno, on the skirts of the Nevada Desert. He wasn't wearing mocassins. He had on a pair of cheap blue cotton trousers and sand-shoes. There was no head-dress of eagle-feathers. On his crown was a battered old straw hat. Not a single scalp was slung to his belt. He didn't talk about pale-faces or firewater. He was telling a cycle-dealer that twenty-five cents an hour was an extortionate price for letting out a bicycle. He offered half-a-dollar a-day, and he wanted a new machine, high-g geared, and with drop handle-bars! That banged on the head all romantic ideas I ever had about the Redskin. It seemed a degradation for an Indian to ride a bicycle. But he rode it extremely well. Indeed, later, I saw many Indians cycling. And they were no novices. I remember, at one town called Elko, on the Nevada Desert, where I halted a week, there were three Red Indian girls, fat, unwieldy, tousle-headed, and jocose, who displayed an enormous delight tearing up and down the sun-baked camp on bicycles.

Poor Red-man! he's had to come down to bicycle-riding instead of going on the war-path. That is, what's left of him, for civilisation is clearing him off the earth. The Pilgrim Fathers have much to answer for. As the funny man would say, first they fell upon their knees, and then they fell upon the aborigines. The march of American progress has driven the Redskin from the prairies of his fathers. He lives among the brushwood on the alkali desert, and now and then a beneficent Government fence round a piece of swampy country and call it a "reservation." Every year these Redskins are getting fewer. They don't live in wigwams. They do sometimes, of course, but about in the same proportion as Scotchmen wear kilts. They live in log-huts. They don't go on the war-path. They keep pigs for trading purposes, and have the same weakness as niggers for a neighbour's hen-roost. They've got no use for war-paint,

and very little for water. They don't ride fiery steeds: they ride on railway-trains. I say "on," rather than "in," because there's a curious railway custom regarding the natives. Ever since there have been railways in America the Redskins have travelled free. They're not allowed, of course, to lounge round the Pullman car, but they can huddle on the gangways joining the cars, they can camp out on the roofs, and, if there are empty cattle-trucks, they can get in there. So the Red Indian is a great traveller. It costs him nothing to visit his friends fifty miles off. The concession of the railway companies, you understand, was born out of diplomacy. There might have been accidents; rails might have been mysteriously removed; bridges might have been sawn away by unknown hands. So the Indians were invited to travel where they liked, and as often as they liked, and no money would be asked.

No longer being able to go on the war-path, to slay buffalo and each other, the Red-man, as I have said, is dying out. The atmosphere of civilisation is killing him. He can't settle down to regular employment.

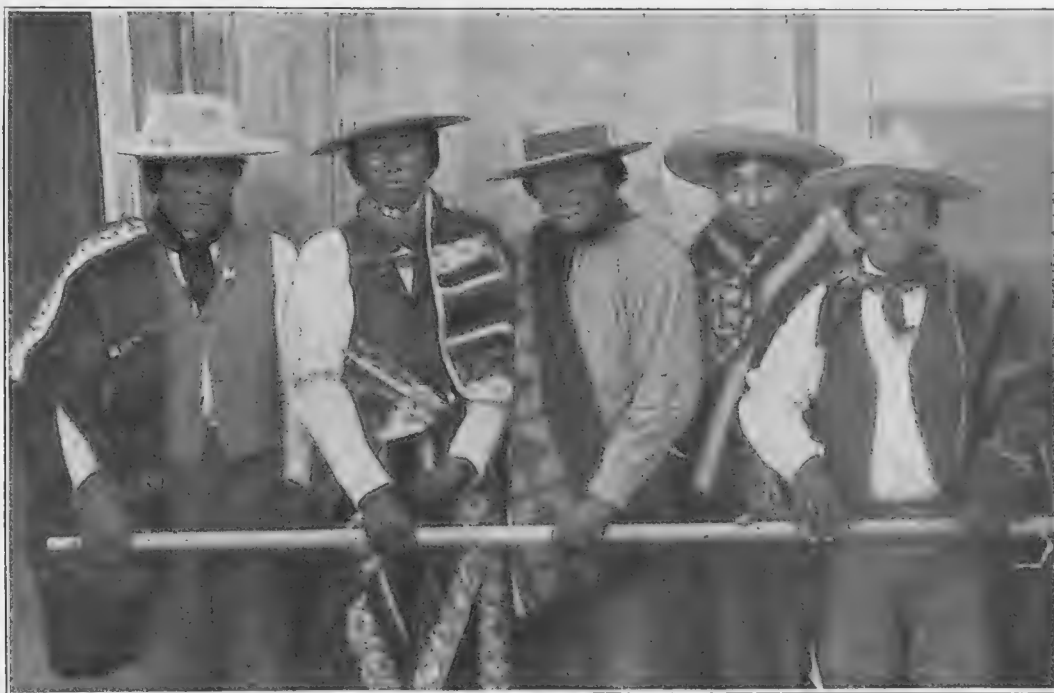
The Americans have State Schools especially for Indian children. But they are not successful. The little Redskin can't learn. He can catch a prairie-dog, but he can't do a sum in arithmetic. The confinement of school is irksome. He's a vagabond, a little rogue, and he wants to run and roam and set traps for birds. Education doesn't appeal to the Red-man, and so in the school months more than half the boys are constantly playing truant. The Redskin is a gambler. Wherever two or three are gathered together, down they flop on their haunches and gamble. It may be for only a few cents; it may be for all a man's earnings in the harvest-field; it may be for his pigs, his chickens, even his clothes. But he must be lazy, and he must gamble. It is an indictable offence for anyone to supply the Indians with whisky. But it's sold to them, nevertheless—naturally, a vile, injurious concoction—and they gulp the firewater with glittering eyes, and get fearfully drunk, and get pounded by the cowboys for making a row.

Frequently, when I came across encampments of Indians, I was struck with the bold, chiselled refinement of the features of these men who in another century will have almost disappeared from the earth. Now and then there were coarse, blackguardly countenances. But they were the exceptions. As a race, the Redskins have well-modelled countenances. There is character and determination in all the lines.

Certainly the Indian woman is not an attractive damsel. She is flabby; she has greedy eyes and coarse lips; her hair is matted and falls unevenly over her forehead, and by the time she is twenty-five she waddles like a footsore duck. The male Redskin has still got a fondness for finery. When he steals a chicken, he's sure to stick the best feather in his old straw hat. He has met civilisation so far that he will wear a shirt, and, maybe, a waistcoat. But he hates a coat. What he loves is to own a red blanket or a gaudy horse-cloth, and walk up and down in front of the camp saloon enjoying the satisfaction of being admired. The female Indian is not so garish. She appreciates a startling-coloured handkerchief to tie over her head, but the shawl she wears is usually inclined to be dun. She maintains the old custom of carrying her baby, or papoose, in a basket sort of coffin slung upon her back. It must be rather uncomfortable for the youngster to be strapped up in a basket, unable to use hand or limb.

There are no happy hunting-grounds left. But the Red-man doesn't repine over the degeneracy of his race. He loafs round the saloons, and earns a couple of bits (about a shilling) holding horses; he can steal fowls; he can gamble; he can make just enough to get along through life. He doesn't know anything about tomahawking and scalping, or how to find a trail and follow it through the woods. Why, I could give him lessons on the way a Redskin should live. For I've read Fenimore Cooper, and he hasn't.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



A GROUP OF INDIANS.

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"MILORD SIR SMITH," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AND MISS ADA REEVE IN VARIOUS DISGUISES.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

A man plays many parts; but surely Mr. Arthur Roberts plays more than most men. Ostensibly he is Sir Robert Smith, Bart., in the musical piece which he is running at the Comedy Theatre. In reality he figures as a great many persons, the quick-change disguises being necessary to carry on his flirtations with two ladies at the same time in the little seaside resort of Potinville. Thus he figures as

A yachtsman—Milord Sir Smith.  
A tenor—Signor Campano.  
An ancient mariner.  
An elderly lady.  
Julius Caesar.

That is a goodly list; but on Wednesday night he complicated his variegated personality by introducing "The Tree - Dumas - Skiteers," a rollicking burlesque on the Musketeer mania that has overtaken English managers as if Dumas had said the last word on romantic drama. The burlesque is funny, all the more so that it includes Mr. Hamilton's vigorous version at the Garrick, and Mr. Grundy's at Her Majesty's. Mr. Roberts has never imitated Mr. Tree more successfully than now, although, strange to say, he is never a perfect mimic of his contemporaries on the stage. But he has managed to acquire something of the Tree gurgle, the Tree gait, the whole Tree manner and outlook. Miss Ada Reeve, who has been the saving of "Milord Sir Smith," is very amusing as "Mi Lidy"—now Miss Florence West, now Mrs. Brown-Potter, down to the wisp of hair which Her Majesty's Milady is wont to wear. Miss Alice Aynsley Cook is capital as (Mrs. Tree's) Anne of Austria. Mr. Nainby is Louis, while the George Duke of Buckingham, who dies in the prologue, is impersonated "By George." The little skit is described as "a drama in six compressed tabloids," and the scenes are divided off from one another by the letting down of an absurdly small drop-scene, which has a most ludicrous effect.

A long time ago, MM. Bayard and Dumanoir made a play about the young Duc de Richelieu against a background of eighteenth-century manners and morals at the Court of Versailles. The original was in two acts. I understand that Mr. Charles Wyndham has long possessed a

version of it in one act; while Mr. Aubrey Boucicault and Mr. Osmond Shillingford have retold it in three acts, under the title of "A Court Scandal," at the Court Theatre. The play is really the story of a young pair's pique. The pretty daughter of the ancient Duchesse de Noailles was made to marry the boy Duc de Richelieu. She really liked him, even if he was a boy who had to go back to his tutor in Brittany after the ceremony; but the mere fact of being compelled by her mother to marry him made her turn with disdain on the boy. Besides which, he was really indiscreet. Her Royal Highness the Duchesse de Bourgogne had treated him like a pretty wax doll in the garden of the Trianon, and, on the morning of his wedding, kissed him on the forehead. The boy boasted of this, and so the Duchess humbled him by presenting him—in the face of all her Court—with a box of sugar-plums instead of with a lieutenancy of Dragoons. But the boy did not go back to Brittany; on the contrary, he gave his tutor the slip, invaded the Princess's boudoir at night, and extorted from her a commission. But his young wife would not hear of his going to Flanders, so she had him imprisoned in his palace, where he played off her apparent indifference by a flirtation with Cesarine de Noel, one of the Princess's Maids-of-Honour, and with the Baronne de Bellechasse, who was but a shopkeeper, but who used to supply the Court with lingerie. The Duchesse de Richelieu surprises him with the ladies, and the situation is complicated by the

appearance of the maid's lover and the Baronne's elderly husband. There is nothing for it but duels with the two. Of course, the young Duke wins, proves he is no boy, after all, and wins his wife. There is



THE BATHER IN "MILORD SIR SMITH," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



SOME OF THE CHORUS IN "MILORD SIR SMITH," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

plenty of life in "A Court Scandal," and the play was well received. To Mr. Seymour Hicks must be accorded the real honours of the acting. Six years ago he was appearing at this very theatre with the touch of the amateur (and the praise of Mr. Scott) thick upon him. Meantime, he has learned how to fill a stage, and the result is movement, vigour.



THE MUSIC-HALL SISTERS IN "LITTLE MISS NOBODY," AT THE LYRIC.

*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

Miss Dorothea Baird is the Duchess. The rest of the cast are very fair, Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the Maid of Honour (Miss Ethel Matthews' lover); Mr. Brandon Thomas as the Baron, the consort of the ex-seller of lingerie (Miss Florence Wood). Miss Miriam Clements looks gorgeous as the Princess. Mr. J. D. Beveridge makes an excellent Abbé-tutor to the young Duke. Altogether, this story of 1714 is likely to linger awhile at the Court, and is well worth seeing.

When that recent recruit among playwrights, Mr. George Pleydell Bancroft, produced "Teresa," he aroused a good deal of kindly curiosity as to what he might have to follow, for "Teresa," although not of surprising merit, showed earnestness, some grasp of character, and at least a promise of strength. It was, therefore, with considerable disappointment that Mr. Bancroft's many well-wishers quitted Terry's Theatre last Thursday evening. The author, in the title of his piece, had asked, "What will the world say?"—an obviously appropriate conundrum, by-the-bye, for dramatists young and old—and the world was forced to reply, in all kindness, that the author had not displayed any advance. The return to wholesome, plain, old-fashioned sentiment is certainly not to be deplored, but Mr. Bancroft, in so returning, has entirely forgotten the exalting touch that justifies. Here a threadbare subject is merely worn a little thinner. Mr. Terry is seen again in an Egerton Bompas part, but one where he has little chance. It is needless to tell the story of social pushfulness, sudden adversity, and the return to Arcadia, for we know it all already. It is not, however, the familiarity of the subject that one grieves at; it is the utter crudity of presentation. All through the piece, with mechanical precision, the expected happened, the obvious was said. Mr. Bancroft will do well to retire for a season to his study, there to pen some well-considered work. Of such the present certainly is not. Mr. Terry did the most he could with Mark Westoby, and his company loyally seconded him. To Miss Carlotta Addison as Mrs. Westoby honours were easy. The audience was far from uncordial, but the author, who took his bow, had to face some expression of disapproval.

The members of the Oxford University Dramatic Society are this year putting on the boards "The Midsummer Night's Dream," under the stage-management of Mr. F. H. Macklin. Mr. S. A. Gillon, of New College, is cast to play Lysander, and Mr. H. M. Tennent, of Wadham, is to be Demetrius; Mr. H. H. Woodward, of Keble, will represent Puck, and Mr. E. K. Talbot, of Christ Church, has been selected to play Bottom. Among the ladies assisting is Miss Una Cockerell, who played Miranda for the O.U.D.S. a few years ago.

Mr. Charles Arnold tells me an excellent story in connection with his clergyman's costume in "What Happened to Jones." He wanted to be perfectly correct, and for that purpose went to one of the best-known ecclesiastical tailors in London. The cutting-room was full of divines, from bishops down to curates, dear old gentlemen and timid-looking Robert Spaldings. Mr. Arnold was almost the only man in mufti. Quoth he to the cutter, "I wish the gaiters and knickers very tight, as I have to put on my commercial-traveller's trousers over them. There must be only about four buttons on the waistcoat, the rest to be dummies, as I have to do a quick change in the wings." At this the gentlemen rose, metaphorically. The dear old Dean looked alarmed through his big gold glasses; the curates looked like frightened fawns, for never had they seen such a fellow-priest before. In due course Mr. Arnold received at his private address his clerical costume, addressed to "The Rev. Charles Arnold," for such is the force of habit that the clerks in the establishment had forgotten that he was only playing at being a priest.

Samuel E. Gross is a name you expect to shine in the world of letters. Moses Primrose sold a valuable piece of family property for a gross of green spectacles. Mr. Samuel E. Gross, of Chicago, is, so to speak, a green spectacle at this moment. He has taken legal proceedings to show that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was stolen from a play he wrote in the intervals of pork-raising, or some other savoury commerce. When Edmond de Rostand sat down to write "Cyrano" he had Samuel E. Gross in his piratical mind. Moreover, Shakspeare foresaw the pre-eminence of Gross. Does not Hamlet say about the uses of this world—

Things rank and Gross in nature possess them merely;

meaning, of course, that Samuel E. Gross is the artificer of everything in the world that is worth having? After that, "S. E. G." had better claim that he was Shakspeare in an earlier incarnation.

Miss Darine Kerry, who is now executing two brilliant solo-dances in "Little Miss Nobody," at the Lyric Theatre, is a pupil of John D'Auban, which is certificate sufficient were you not even to witness her



MISS DARINE KERRY, AT THE LYRIC.

*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

grace of gesture, accuracy of step, and perfect physical balance. She possesses several accomplishments which assist in the display of her art. She is no mean performer on the violin, her skating is much admired at Niagara, and she is an adept at the foils. Miss Kerry is very well-read, and she designed the dress she dances in.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Lord Salisbury is the latest convert to cycling. Every morning, when it is fine, he rides about Hatfield on a tricycle. He says he feels better in health now than he has done for a long time. It was Baron de Courcel who persuaded the Prime Minister to take to the wheel. But that was before the Fashoda Incident. Had it been after, Lord Salisbury might have thought there was a sinister object in the suggestion.

The dirty roads this month have stripped riding of much of its pleasure. Why don't the C. T. C. and the N. C. U. follow the League of American Wheelmen in preparing thirty-inch-wide cinder-tracks along main roads? In the country there is generally one side of the road with a bit of bank or grass. The cost of shovelling a track clear, and then sprinkling it with cinders, would be comparatively cheap. And think of the boon! People don't go wheeling in bad weather, because of the slush. A cinder-track dries immediately, so there is no squirting of mud and no side-slips. The Americans have tracks running from town to town. I have ridden many a hundred miles over them, perfectly easy and clean, when the roadway itself has been a wilderness of mire.

Have you noticed how particular districts seem to secure a predominance in producing experts in particular pastimes? Nottingham is famous for its cricketers, and Lanarkshire for its football-players. So Bristol seems to be ahead of all towns in rearing racing cyclists. Last season the Bristol Wheelers secured 252 awards at various race-meetings, and the value of the prizes was £778. One Bristolite, Joe Chamberlain, was actually successful in 32 races, and his prizes were worth £283. H. Appleton, who won 31 races, secured £128 in prizes. Further, Chamberlain won no fewer than 23 scratch-races. The Bristol Wheelers have reason to be cock-a-hoop.

Of inventions there are no end. A man has invented a contrivance, like a couple of small parasols, to fasten on the handle-bars, and so save ladies getting their hands sun-burnt. Then another man has patented a hat with an upper compartment in which you can carry crushed ice and keep your head cool. Still another crank has patented a luminous cap; this is brought about by a saturation of phosphorus. The direction, however, in which inventive wheelmen have chiefly exercised what they call their brains is in contrivances to wake the drowsy cyclist. It's a great nuisance, when you get up at five in the morning, intending to go for a day's spin with a friend, having to sit and twiddle your thumbs for three hours while he's oversleeping himself. I've got several of such friends. When I can afford it, I will present them each with a special mattress, which, by a clockwork arrangement, throws the sleeper out of bed at the hour decided upon. Then there's another contrivance that discharges corks at the head of a sleeper. To bombard with champagne-corks is an ingenious device. But I'm afraid the persistent oversleeper will always crawl into that part of the bed where he won't be hit.

Cycling is the universal panacea. Already there is abundant proof that it cures insanity, rheumatism, nervousness, pains in the back, tightness of the chest, and a hundred ailments. The latest discovery is that it cures stammering. All we want now is evidence that it will cure housemaid's-knee, and then the list will be complete.

This coming season, I hope, will see something of a reaction on the reaction respecting bicycle enthusiasm. Last season we touched the bottom in slump. The Crystal Palace people are not at all satisfied with their cycling speculation, and if, this coming season, things don't brighten considerably, there will be no more racing down Sydenham way. Many of the cycling clubs are dwindling in membership. The Sheen House Club has closed both its doors and its track. The "boom" certainly had a nasty crack last summer. But things will readjust themselves. The professional cyclist has been scotched, and this summer racing will chiefly be in the hands of amateurs. And cycling will be all the better for it.

I remember in the Far Western States of America coming across three Red Indians and two squaws riding bicycles. I thought I had hit upon

the most incongruous sight in the world. But, no! I've just read in a New York paper that two thousand Cherokee Indians are moving out of the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam into Mexico, and they've bought two thousand bicycles to help them on their way. Two thousand Red Indians on bicycles—I'd like to see them!

Mr. Joseph Pennell, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, writes strongly against the "Free-Wheel," pointing out very clearly wherein its danger lies. Much has been said and written of late on the other side, and those who have used it are generally loud in its praise. But I confess to thinking Mr. Pennell has the best of the argument. In descending a steep hill the rider is absolutely dependent on his brake—back-peddalling is impossible—and, therefore, he cannot have the same control over his machine with a free-wheel as with a fixed crank. Another point is that the position of the feet in coasting cannot be so comfortable resting on the pedals, one high and the other low, as on foot-rests. For my own part, I quite fail to see where the advantage of the free-wheel comes in, and I have certainly no intention of investing in one for my next mount.

During the next six months the market is to be flooded with cheap bicycles. I have a letter lying before me as I write stating that American manufacturers are making arrangements to positively flood England with cheap wheels. I've never ridden an American machine. In America I rode one of English make. But last summer in Chicago I visited a store where they were selling five hundred bicycles at £2 each. They were nicely painted.

By the way, let me advise people not to buy bicycles offered for private sale because the owner is dead or going abroad or giving up wheeling on medical advice. That is, unless they are quite sure it is a genuine sale. The wily dealer catches unsuspecting purchasers by offering "bargains," and so gets rid of wretched old creaks that he could not possibly dispose of in the ordinary course of business. Be shy of advertised "bargains." Remember, as the law now stands, you can't recover your money even though you're certain you have been defrauded.

I see that the young Siamese Princes during their stay at Nice showed themselves most enthusiastic cyclists. But it is no news to be told now that such or such a celebrity cycles; the difficulty is rather to find one who doesn't in an age when everyone, be he prince or peasant, disports himself awheel.

A few weeks ago the School Board of a certain district in Lincolnshire resolved to hire a wagonette and horse for the purpose of conveying the children to school, since it was obviously too much to expect the little dears to walk on the wet

and muddy roads. The Education Department, however, very wisely refused to sanction what they regarded as an extravagant use of the ratepayers' money. In some other district—I forget where—I am told the authorities have decided to purchase a number of perambulators for the Union Workhouse, in order that the little "parish babies" may take the air with ease and dignity. It only remains for these Guardians of the Poor to go a step farther and order a dozen or so of bicycles for the use of the pampered paupers of maturer years—high-grade machines, of course, of the latest '99 pattern.

A Frenchman has invented a new bicycle accessory, by which a thief is prevented riding off on a machine which does not belong to him. When the rider and legitimate owner of the machine has dismounted and is about to leave it unprotected on the kerb, or beneath some sheltering wall, he raises an iron spike which is attached to the saddle-pillar, and allows it to project an inch or so through the aperture in the saddle. The thief, seeing the bicycle unguarded, and noticing nothing peculiar about the saddle, rapidly mounts, with a view to making good his escape. The inventor claims that the thief will dismount more rapidly than he mounted! But, if the spike is so little noticeable, is it not conceivable that the owner might himself forget his thief-catcher and hurriedly mount without lowering the spike? Being at times inclined to be absent-minded myself, I don't think I will venture on the Frenchman's ingenious contrivance.



MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

I am sorry to hear that the Earl of March cannot see his way clear to take office as a Steward of the Jockey Club this year. Lord March in Turf matters is a thorough reformer, and I feel certain that he is the very best Turf legislator that could be selected to deal with the question of the institution of Jockey Club police. This matter will, I take it, have to be faced before long. As I stated at the time, an ex-Police Superintendent of the Metropolitan Force laid a scheme before Mr. James Lowther that should have been adopted. I see it is reported that Lord Crewe is likely to become the new Steward. Lord Crewe takes the liveliest interest in the Turf, and I should like to see him owning some good horses. He is very rich, and has the time to devote to racing.

Now that the bank robbery is all the talk, I am going to tell of a curious incident that occurred on settling-day after the Derby in 1834 (Plenipotentiary's Year) at Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, Hyde Park Corner. It had been a very heavy settling, and, in most instances, bettors gave either bills, notes-of-hand, or I.O.U.'s to the amount of their indebtedness which satisfied the different bookmakers with whom they did business, for even in those days of plunging, if backers got hard hit, they generally gave a "promise to pay" at some future day. It was the practice of the members generally to deposit their cash-boxes in a large safe in the office of the firm after they had done business, which on this occasion, as on others, they accordingly did. It was about this time that the late Mr. Edmund Tattersall was admitted in the office of the firm, but, if he was not responsible for locking the safe, he found it open, and everything had been cleared out. He lost no time in communicating with the principals, who sent messengers in all directions in quest of the thieves, and acquainted the Bow Street runners with all particulars.

When the members of the firm arrived, there was great consternation amongst them, of course; each member knew what his box contained, and thought of the great scandal that would arise if the contents were known to the outside world. When the shades of evening began to draw in, a council of war was held, and it was proposed to offer a large reward, and no questions asked, if the boxes and contents were returned intact. All of a sudden, the coach-horn was heard, and, soon after, the coach drew up in the "Yard," and several large parcels were taken into the office by the coachman. To the relief of the firm and members assembled, they turned out to be the missing boxes. All had been opened, but the contents were intact. The sighs that were uttered by those in the room were loud and numerous. It is surmised that the thieves who purloined these boxes went to the City, and, opening the boxes and being surprised in finding no ready cash, but only bills, notes-of-hand, and I. O. U.'s, took them to different bill-discounters; but the bill-brokers, not knowing the names on the bills, and they not being negotiable, refused to buy them. So they thought they would return them, without their names and addresses, for, if caught with them on their person, it meant certain death. If these bills could have got into circulation, there would have been rough times, for some of them were backed by the bluest blood in the peerage and some of the most prominent figures on the Turf. The late Mr. Tattersall remembered the occurrence quite well, and used to laugh heartily when narrating it.

When huge parcels of bank-notes are stolen, I believe the detectives always have a look for them on the racecourse. But I am told that a great many of the notes used in betting often travel the courses the year round without once being passed into any bank. I have seen many ancient country bank-notes paid to bookmakers, and some of them on banks whose existence I did not know of, and I was for years acting as a bank-clerk. A bookmaker will take any note, barring one on the Bank of Engraving, in payment of a bet, and, by the same token, lucky backers have to accept what is tendered them by the layer to wipe off their winning accounts. I am told that it is possible for a stopped note to travel the racing circuit for years before it is found.

Robinson certainly holds a strong hand in the Lincoln Handicap, and he is very likely to win it again; but at this time of day it would be difficult to say which was the best horse of his lot. With reference to the Grand National, Collins holds the strongest hand, and there are many good judges who think that The Soarer will once more be successful at Aintree. I am not likely to forget this horse, as I predicted his success in the first race he won in England, at Sandown Park. Mr. R. P'Anson had told me the animal was a smart one; but, when I saw young Mr. Campbell come to weigh out, I thought him far too young to ride over such a difficult course. But I was mistaken, as he rode a splendid race, and three years later, when I saw him win the Grand National on The Soarer, I was not in the least surprised.

Opinion is still divided as to the merits of the starting-gate, and seemingly the majority of our trainers are opposed to the "new-fangled notion"; but it must come, and the sooner the better. The Earl of Durham should arrange for a gate to be tried at every meeting throughout the country for two-year-old races. Sportsmen would then soon see the usefulness of the machine, and I am certain, at places like Sandown Park, where very little room can be found at the start of five-furlong races, the

gate would prove a real boon. Of course, the poaching jockeys do not like it; but I am convinced it would give the light-weights and apprentices a much fairer chance than starting by flag does.

The Foreign Invasion is to be something like a reality this year, if reports are true. Several American jockeys are to ride in England, while one or two are coming from Australia to try their luck in this country, and many of the Continental professionals will appear in the saddle here during the season. We can say, in the words of the song, "Let 'em all come." They will find a fair field and more than their due in the matter of favour. England is a perfectly free country in sporting matters, but foreigners must not forget that our jockeys have powers that put those of the Czar of Russia completely in the shade.

CAPTAIN COE.

## POLO.

The Wimbledon Park Polo Club will be one of the first to open the polo season; a match for Saturday, April 8, is being arranged between a Woolwich military team and four of the home club. The ground is in excellent condition, and, being very old turf, free from any clover, is sure to satisfy players. It is of unusually large dimensions, being a parallelogram of 170 by 300 yards, with ample margin space outside the playing-ground. The membership is rapidly filling up, and the success of the club is well assured under the presidency of so noted a poloist as Lord Harrington, the captaincy of Mr. T. B. Drybrough, and the advantage of an experienced Committee, including Major Rimington, Captain Cortlandt Mackenzie, and Messrs. F. C. Ellison, F. J. Mackey, A. Stuart, and R. Young. The stabling provided is excellent, and is being booked now by members who find a distinct advantage in having such accommodation within twenty minutes' rail of Earl's Court. The Committee are endeavouring to arrange facilities for the admission of the public to the more important matches. This will be a new departure in the right direction, as it has long been felt that the formalities to be observed to gain admission to see a polo-match in London are a barrier to thousands who would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of watching this thrilling sport.

## BOW v. GOLF-CLUB.

It was hardly surprising that the archer should have beaten the golfer at Streety, though the latter did possess the advantage of firing at his own targets—the holes. The Rev. W. C. R. Bedford was the archer, and Mr. A. E. Welson Browne the golfer; the bow allowed the club six strokes in the match of eighteen holes, and won by six holes on the round. Bow had the pull of clear shots in every case, of course; no bad lies, no hazards—none of those obstacles to the ball which provide



THE ETON BOYS' GOLF-GROUND UNDER THE WATERS OF THE RECENT FLOOD.

the golfer with equal opportunities for the exercise of skill and bad language. On the other hand, the archer found "holing the arrow" a more difficult business than holing the ball at short range: he had the tin casings removed, but that was a precaution that could not help him much. This is not the first time Bow and Golf-club have competed; nearly five-and-twenty years ago—on Oct. 15, 1874, to be precise—the Rev. M. Tait, Chaplain of the Royal Bodyguard of Archers, played old Tom Morris, the professional, over the Luffness Golf-course, and beat him with 73 shots to Morris's 83.

## TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-four (from Oct. 26, 1898, to Jan. 18, 1899) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The true inwardness, or rather, outwardness, of spring fashions is not really arrived at in early February without a preliminary canter through the shops, streets, and ateliers of Paris—a conclusion always arrived at afresh and carried with acclamation each time I visit that city of light



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FOR MONTE CARLO.

and sumptuary leading at this inchoate period of the year. Elsewhere things may be dormant or slumbering in embryo. Here the alert Gallic brain, the industrious Gallic inventiveness, is already briskly busy and concerned with things that are to be. Indeed, it is a necessity imposed by success. Already, or within a few weeks from now at latest, the foremost American tradespeople arrive in Paris for the sole purpose of annexing examples of Lutetia's earliest fashion offshoots and inspirations. For to be well "in front" of coming modes, as they themselves express it, is vitally imperative with the fastidious Transatlantic fair who form their *clientèle*, and who have ever a discerning eye and open purse for the last cry from their very vocal and dearly cherished Lutetia. That most irresponsible, irrepressible, and generally unexpected centre of fashion has now made up its imperial mind to jump from one extremity to the very uttermost other in the matter of all gowns to be worn in the evening. The jewelled sparkling lace, the diaphanous gathered chiffon, the sequin-embroidered net on one hand, with the severe simplicity of cloth on the other—these are the opposite poles of fashion from which to choose at present. Of course, the cloth used for this purpose is a glorified and superfine species of its kind, falling in graceful folds like the finest crêpe or cashmere, and boasting a highly polished surface, whether in black, medium, or the palest tones, which might put the shining surface of mahogany or ivory to shame. Still, the contrast from our silks and brocades of recent seasons is a sharp one, and, though these embroidered and lace-encrusted cloth gowns meet their fashionably flimsy rivals of lace, chiffon, or mousseline in the evening, the silken attire in which we walked but lately is no more admitted, being dethroned for the moment

by those woollen stuffs which have begun to monopolise our easily changed affections.

Something different from each, but also a novelty, has been evolved by a Paris modiste, who connects equal lengths of wide ribbon and lace, finishes them off with a wide flounce at bottom, and so creates a very handsome arrangement, much in tune with the moment's craze for lace too. The Infanta Eulalia, one of the best-dressed women of her period, has had a dinner-dress built on these lines of wallflower-yellow satin ribbon and bise (string-coloured) lace. The skirt, made quite tight, with gradually increasing fulness from the hips, widens out into a tulip-shaped base, slightly trained, alternate lines of the ribbon and lace tapering from waist to within twelve inches of the hem, where a wide flounce of the same beautiful lace meets it. A front of yellow lisse over satin of the same shade as the ribbon adds much to the effect of this uncommon yet easily imitated costume.

From the subject of evening-dresses it is an easy transition to petticoats, which are now elaborately trained and lace-trimmed, like the skirts they lie under. I interviewed dozens of them while in Paris of varying degrees in elaboration. The best are made quite tight, and shaped like dress-skirts, with upper parts resembling a fourreau yoke, below which comes the shaped flounce at about knee-height. One for evening wear in delicate rose-leaf pink silk was being despatched to an English Royalty, and was treated to a medium train, its deep-shaped flounce cut up into pointed indentations and edged with narrow open-work *écru*-embroidery insertion. A wide flounce of accordion-pleated pink mousseline-de-soie, with incrustations of black Chantilly, showed



[Copyright.]

A SMART WALKING-COSTUME.

through, while, to support the petticoat at back, three frilled flounces of the silk were sewn on, forming a kind of balayouse. Another petticoat, being made for the greater adornment of a smart American, was of white satin covered with fine turquoise-blue net, with applications of black lace and bébé-velvet trimmings of white and turquoise ribbon. In fact, just as much time is occupied in the making of these costly underskirts as



in that of the dress proper itself, while the cost assumes equally generous proportions—to such expensive lengths does lovely woman go in her amiable desire to be seen by an envious and admiring world at her best.

For a good many seasons black was taboo by most except matrons of well-defined age and corresponding proportions, as far as its use went for smart evening wear, while at present no well-dressed woman would lie down peacefully at night without the comforting consciousness that a *chef d'œuvre en noir* hangs at graceful length in her adjacent wardrobe—being certain, meanwhile, that it is a masterpiece, be it well understood, for of all life's failures a badly or imperfectly achieved black gown is among the chiefest. The latest form which this present necessity of our well-being takes is the Princesse style, and I have in my mind's eye a vision of well-constructed beauty emanating from no less an authority than Kate Reily, of Dover Street repute. The skirt, very long all round, is trained, its upper part forming a fourreau. From the décolletage to the edge of hem in front a highly ornate design in blonde lace is laid over



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY TEA-GOWN.

the satin; this is spangled with small sequins and edged with a rich wide border of chenille flowers, wrought in irregular branches and posies. Both sides and back of the trailing, sheath-like skirt are overlaid with a similar ornamentation. A low-cut corsage, hollowed in heart-shape a fashion both in front and behind, encloses the shoulders, and is shapely as a cuirass, being made, of course, in one piece with the skirt. In the centre a butterfly-bow of black satin embroidered in chenille is fastened, while the sleeves, made in two wee flounces of similarly decorated satin, are brought low on the arm, strips of white mousseline-de-soie supporting a charmingly contrived bodice. Spots of skilful colour are added by velvet choux in three different shades of cerise miroir velvet being fastened on the "left front," to be technical in the military manner; but, in the case of mourning, three mauves would play a no less admirable part.

And, apropos of mourning, I have seen a young widow in the third or more remote stage of bereavement (which is the one, I understand, that goes before consolation) fitted out, to her own extreme satisfaction and others' admiration, by the same redoubtable firm in a visiting-dress of mauve cloth embroidered in chenille, the "ground-plan" of which is exceedingly well worth reproduction. Its long, narrow skirt has two flounces, wide at back, narrowing in a point before, and each edged with a

stitched bias band of the cloth. A corsage, cut away in front, with curved basques, is arranged with a short bolero consisting of three overlapping pleats; the lapels are embroidered with chenille and very narrow real lace, while the draped and crossed fichu of white China crêpe is fastened by a bow of mauve velvet. The neck "enclosure"—to use a Paris dressmaker's technical term, which quite describes the straight, high structure—is of mauve cloth surrounded with two rolls of bias velvet, and is brought up in points behind the ears. The hat, of black Madagascar straw, is trimmed with black plumes tipped with white, and black velvet. A cache-peigne under the downward-curving brim is composed of twisted mauve velvet and violets.

The rapid pace at which we take our dancing, like everything else nowadays, has been found extremely destructive to the flimsinesses in ball-gowns with which we adorn ourselves at the moment, and I have been at not a few balls this year where "needles and pins" have been in great request, and where, to paraphrase the song, "When a girl dances her trouble begins." Whether this is not more the fault of our fashionable, frantic energy in dancing than of the laces and ribbons of our dresses, remains, however, a moot question. But, at any smart ball, the intelligent foreigner looking on at a performance of the Lancers, Barn-dances, or double-quick waltzes, as danced by men and women in Society nowadays, might indeed be excused from reverting to the original reproach hurled at us by cultivated Continentals of being "barbarous islanders." Men, disdaining the trouble of learning how to dance, hop round in any weird, uncanny measure that suggests itself to their superb insouciance, and girls in an evening of fifteen or twenty dances are obliged to change their paces as many times, each partner having a different "ear" and motion to match. So, as a result, we have the unpicturesque rowdiness of our present ball-rooms, for there is really no other word to describe the express speed, inevitable collisions, and general air of vulgar romping indulged in now by men and women of the "smart" set. It is to be hoped that fashion "She," who must be obeyed, will shortly veto our too robust terpsichorean manners, and bring the more graceful and stately slower measures once again to the front.

Tea-gowns have been called back into renewed favour again this winter, the smartest being cut somewhat low, to fully show the neck. When in Paris last week, I made passing acquaintance with a particularly lovely version of this garment, which was being sent to the Empress of all the Russias. It was of white, soft, shining Liberty satin, with a front of white mousseline-de-soie, across which white real lace insertion was sewn in slanting lines that overlapped on bodice and at foot in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross. Sleeves of white mousseline, descending low over the hands, were edged with lace forming points, and four diagonal lines of insertion laid close together at back of skirt widened towards the front, where they were met by a narrow bordering of dark Russian sable, which went all around the edge of skirt and up both sides of front with excellent effect, the contrast between the white satin and its rich colouring being infinitely successful; a narrow white satin waistband, fastened in front with a lovely old Byzantine buckle, just marking the waist-line without taking from the Princesse effect of this charming tea-gown. One or two cold afternoons in the Bois brought forth a great variety of long outdoor garments of different aspect last week, to which Frenchwomen seem universally sworn just now. Very few, if any, short coats were visible, and the redingote and long coat with rounded cutaway fronts and shorter centre seam, just showing the dress, were sufficiently numerous to amount almost to a uniform.

An American friend who had joined me in a jaunt to the Gay Capital, being possessed of a comfortable bank-balance to boot, did herself most generously by ordering a seal coat at Paquin's, which is certainly the most etherealised version of that ilk that I have yet rubbed elbows with. It is very long, coming to the ground at back, and cut away in the usual rounded fashion before, and sloping upwards to display the frock. Large pointed lapels adorn the upper part, extending in a point below the waist. These, edged with ermine and banded with it at intervals of two inches, give an air *très chic* to the whole affair. About the shoulders a small rounded cape edged with ermine plays the part very effectively. An extremely high collar, which rolls over becomingly at will, is lined with ermine, and completes the ensemble of a very smart and handsome garment, whose robust price is, I am bound to admit, amply justified by its undoubted air of having emanated from such a potential master-hand as Paquin's. A delightful little hat, specially "composed" to go with the coat, is also of sealskin, somewhat of a toque shape, and intended to be worn rather forward on the hair. A long white ostrich-feather runs round one side, which is rather tilted up, while in the middle a long, curving osprey completes matters. The muff, also of sealskin, is moderately sized, lined with ermine and projecting somewhat at each end. Undeniably an ultra-smart costume.

I really think that articles of such "solid value" as the foregoing coat especially either should not be built on the extremest lines of fashion, or else, that being so, they should be exempt from the drastic decrees of everlasting change that follow the "lesser remainder" of our belongings. It may be all very easy for her who cometh with ten thousand a-year to indulge the passion of fashion for change, change, eternal change. But—and the syllable is a pregnant one—to the large remaining proportion of womankind economy and the "last cry" are ever warring with each other, and must remain so, moreover, unless the promoter of all this strife rests content to sink into the nethermost depths of dowdiness. A parlous state to which no modern woman that I ken of would willingly or wittingly surrender herself. SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.*

## THE PROSPECT FOR YANKEES.

It is a Stock Exchange axiom that you cannot have two booms running at the same time. The spectacle, however, is now presented of a concurrent activity in Yankees and Kaffirs, which has surpassed the wildest hopes of the "bull" party in either market. The rise in Americans, however, has been worked entirely irrespective of London. Day after day the number of shares which change hands in Wall Street exceeds the round million, and there seems little evidence at present that the prosperous farmers who are gambling right and left in Wall Street will stay their hands. At such a time it is only natural that the professionals should use every effort to accommodate the gamblers with counters to catch their fancy. Pretty nearly every morning brings news of some projected amalgamation, working agreement, or consolidation of interests in one direction or another. The majority of the schemes are so obviously manufactured for selling-off purposes that it is difficult to see how anyone can be gulled by them. There is a kind of magic in that "blessed word," amalgamation, which appeals as strongly to some people as Mesopotamia did to the historic old lady; but, if we pierce the glamour which invests the word, there is small benefit to be derived from most of the schemes which are hazily put forward for the attracting of the timid speculator. Setting aside all this, however, the prospect for Yankees is very nebulous. After the sustained rise which has taken place all along the line, it is hard to see what grounds there are for hopes of a further advance; but, on the other hand, Yankee Rails are a law unto themselves, and the unexpected does very often happen in their price-list. Milwaukeees, we are told from America, will go to 150; and Central Pacifics are said to be on the way to 60. Norfolk and Western find it hard to get above 20. Philadelphia and Reading shares, about 12½, have been strangely neglected. If the boom continues their turn will soon be due.

## FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

With the gradual pacification of the anti-Chili feeling in the Argentine Republic, the Ordinary stocks of that country's railways have slowly been advancing, and at the present prices the return per cent is, comparatively speaking, so meagre that it is evident great expectations are entertained of what the companies may do in the near future. Traffics so far are satisfactory, and last year's harvest proved a good one, while the locusts were intermittently troublesome merely. To take three of the leading lines in the Republic, we find that there is still a margin before the top prices of the Ordinary stocks in 1897 and 1898 are reached, and, to render the table more complete, we add a final column showing the yield per cent. to an investor to-day upon the basis of the last two dividends—

	Highest 1897.	Highest 1898.	Now.	Yield.
Buenos Ayres Great Southern ...	150½	158½	150	4 per cent.
Buenos Ayres and Rosario ...	80	79	76	3½
Buenos Ayres Western (£10 shares)	12½	12½	12	3½

Argentine Great Western 5 per cent First Debenture pays about 3½ per cent., and the return on East Argentine Ordinary stock is, roughly, 13 per cent. The latter stock has decided possibilities, and it is probable that the Argentine Railway Market will be one of the first to move when the Stock Exchange gets back to investment business.

As regards other Foreign Railways, Mexicans are marking time. It must be remembered that the First Preference has already enjoyed a rise of nearly 6 points since New Year's Eve, and Mexican Seconds have improved 3 in the same period. Mexican Rails of any sort are not the things to "bear" at present. In our opinion Mexican Central Fours present greater scope for activity than the stocks of the Mexican Railway proper. Costa Rica shares will probably be 4½ before long, and another favourable return from the Nitrate Railways Company would easily cause a rise of ten shillings in the price of its shares.

## THE ASCENT OF KAFFIRS.

Rarely, if ever, has the Kaffir Market passed through such an exciting time as the last fortnight. The previous boom had more effect upon prices, since there has not been the wild gambling up to the present such as characterised the market in 1894 and 1895. Some attention has been paid to merits this time, but the amount of business which is being transacted is immense, and some firms in the Stock Exchange with a large foreign *clientèle* are daily exclaiming that they don't know where they are. The boom is being largely fed from Paris and some of the German cities, the British public evidently being still shy and not so reckless in its speculations as the people of the Continent. Paris is generally all "one way": either she must buy everything, or else there is a *saute qui peut*, and prices fall like shooting-stars.

The time is approaching when the buyers must cry "Halt." There is pretty sure to be a spasm or two before the market settles down into a genuine lasting boom. Every broker in the Stock Exchange asks every jobber in the Kaffir Market the same question—"How long will it last?" At the first sign of weakness nervous "bulls" will turn tail, and the floating supply of profit-takers grows larger, of course, at each day's rise. It is an element of weakness that cannot be ignored. The present body of speculators in Kaffirs are *not* paying for their shares; the abnormally high rates of Contango exacted last Carrying-over Day pointed conclusively to the fact that a large account had been opened for

the rise, and opened by people who were willing to be charged from ten to fifteen per cent. rather than take up their purchases. A large amount of capital was lent to the Kaffir Market by dealers in other departments of the House, yet the charge for carrying over was frequently "stamp and fee plus five per cent.," a ruinous rate of interest, but one that was paid readily on Goldfields and some of the other heavy shares.

It is remarkable to notice how Johannesburg has followed the London-Continental boom in Kaffirs. Only last week we were referring to a letter which we received, speaking of the deplorable state of affairs in the capital of the Transvaal. Now the troubles have been shuffled quickly out of sight; the local Exchange is responding with a thrill to the London revival, and dealings "Between the Chains" have suddenly developed new vivacity. American syndicates, we are told, are on the look-out for likely properties in the vicinity of Johannesburg, and the clamour for reforms is diplomatically hushed for the moment. The new aspect of affairs affords considerable food for reflection.

We are always averse to giving "tips," for a duplex reason—if a tip turns out rightly, the profit-maker attributes his success to his own astuteness; and secondly, if the advice is wrong, the adviser is invariably blamed—but it seems to us that, for a quartette of likely speculations, it would not be amiss to study Nigel Deep, Kleinfontein Central, Langlaage Deep, and Simmer West shares at their to-day's prices.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

The Stock Exchange year is fast drawing to its close, and less than a couple of months will bring us to the House's New Year's Day, which is March 25. Certain it is that, if there are many more outsiders coming to join the ranks of those now possessing the *entrée* to Capel Court, it will soon be a matter of difficulty to find standing-room in the House. The crush this week has been simply tremendous, and business takes twice as long to transact in Kaffirs as it used to, simply because of the difficulty of forcing one's way about. Just to give some little idea of the magnitude of the business being done, I may mention that one day this week the southern telegraph-office of the Stock Exchange received and sent no fewer than twenty-eight thousand telegrams! This was in a single day, as I said. The Settlement Department, which is to the Stock Exchange what the Clearing House is to Lombard Street, was confronted with such a sudden demand upon its strength that it was obliged hastily to gather "recruits" at a guinea for the night, many of whom worked up to eight o'clock on the following morning. By the way, it is rather interesting to watch the Clearing House troop off to supper in Tokenhouse Yard at ten o'clock. Tea, coffee, and biscuits are going all night, but supper is a sit-down affair, and each of the gallant three hundred is entitled to a pint of beer. But enough of these details. Let us get to business.

Business? Why, in the Stock Exchange we do not know whether it is on our heads or on our tails that we are standing, so overwhelming is the pressure of orders in Mining shares and Yankees. At this time of the year, the Home Railway Market expects to have a look-in, but its stocks are almost neglected by the speculative outsider, who usually takes a hand when dividends are on the way. The dealing has been principally confined to the professionals, but one or two spots call for comment. South-Western Stocks came a nasty cropper upon the announcement of the disappointing dividend; but the fall was exaggerated, and the Deferred stock looks a likely security for a lock-up. The North-Eastern dividend, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, as against 7 per cent. this time last year, was favourably received, and "Berwicks" are still a favourite stock of mine, although the price has risen several points since I first recommended a purchase. East Londons have had their annual outing this week, and Districts once more are being "bulled" by the clique. The North London Railway, in declaring its usual dividend of 7½ per cent., reports that a sum of £5000 has been reserved to form the nucleus of a fund to meet obligations arising from last year's Workmen's Compensation Act. This is a novel item for a railway company, but one whose novelty will wear off, says the market, only too quickly.

Foreigners are neglected. Beyond Rio Tinto and Anaconda, the little *manche* of the Stock Exchange which runs from the Argentine Market into the De Beer Brigade has had little to do. The two leading Copper shares are talked higher yet, and the smaller concerns are slowly rising into favour. People with a fancy for mining speculations of the lock-up type should cast their eye on Cape Copper Preference, the yield for which is over 11 per cent. at the present price.

It is little use trying to make money over 'Trunks these days. The market has subsided into a mere shadow, and the complaint that the Yankee Rail jobbers made not many months ago, saying that the Trunk Market was swallowing them up, is remembered only as a thing to smile at. The cheapest stock, I reiterate, is the Guaranteed, in comparison with which the First Preference stands points too high. A tip is out to buy Grand Trunks, upon the strength of various amalgamation schemes which are afloat, but the market is deadly dull, and the number of bargains booked each day grows ever smaller and beautifully less. By the way, I know one firm of dealers in the Kaffir Market who booked 780 bargains last Wednesday. If any of my readers are anxious to initiate their sons into the mysteries of the stockbroking profession, now is their chance, but I should advise the fond parent to stipulate for a permanent position for the budding broker. "Boom-berths" usually result in bitter disappointment when the rush is over.

"Oh, bless all the mines that 'boom' in the spring," a delighted dealer shouted as he saw the frantic bidding for New Primrose the other day. Truly the sun has been shining on the Kaffir Market, and those House men who are most intimately connected with it have been making something better than hay. Almost anything you liked to buy from among the active list went up, and the rise gradually assumed an appearance as though it were supported by the public; not that public which hangs about Throgmorton Street all day, but the public which likes to have a flutter in Mines when there's anything "going on." These are the people whom the big unloaders want to attract to the market; these are they who were so sorely bitten in the last "boom" that one financial scribe roundly declared another such revival in Kaffirs was impossible. But it has come, and a pretty penny it must have cost the initiators of the movement to bring about. Their interested efforts to create a public demand naturally led to their being obliged to take the quantities of shares thrown into their laps by those who were only too ready to dispose of their holdings at anything like a reasonable figure. This "boom" has been made, not born, and it remains to be seen how much longer the game can be played. Kaffirs are intrinsically not worth a farthing more than they were at Christmas-time; in fact, the troubles in Johannesburg had not then assumed the grave aspect which they now wear, and yet prices are "boomed" all along the line. What is the reason of it all? Can it be that the way is being paved for the new



issues which it takes a "boom" to render attractive, or is there any possibility of the "big houses" being eager to reduce their books? It is a time for extreme caution, and if a sharp reaction does not take place before a fortnight my name is not

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "SKETCH," LIMITED.

Various statements have appeared in the press as to the new company which is in course of formation to take over the splendid and ancient business of the *Illustrated London News*. The exact day on which the prospectus will see the light we are unable to give, because no one (not even the present owners of the business) knows it; but we can say that there will be three classes of securities, and that the amounts offered to the public will be £210,000 4 per cent. Debentures, 250,000 5½ per cent. Preference shares of £1 each, and 250,000 Ordinary shares of the same face-value. It is intended to offer the Preference shares at 1s. premium, and the other securities at par. The profits, as certified by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., will be sufficient to pay the debenture interest five times over, while a dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares is foreshadowed. We believe the accountants will further certify that the profits of each half-year for the last three years have shown an improvement over the corresponding period of the preceding year. In the City there has been a great scramble for underwriting, which has been done at very low rates. The management will continue in the hands of the Ingram family, who will take one-third of each class of security. The issue is one which it would be unbecoming of us in these columns to pronounce an opinion upon, and we, therefore, confine ourselves to giving the plain facts, leaving our readers, when they see the prospectus, to apply or not, as the fancy takes them. We shall send as early a copy as possible to all the financial correspondents of this paper.

#### THE SOUTH-EASTERN DIVIDEND.

The explanations as to how the mistake in this company's dividend was made may be very satisfactory, and the airy way in which the Chairman treated the whole affair appears to have disposed for the moment of the scandal; but what everybody wants to know is, why were certain people buyers of the stock from the moment the first erroneous declaration was made until the correction came, and how it came about that, from 107, the price was carried to 112 before the mistake was made public? *Somebody* had a shrewd suspicion of the truth, and *somebody* made money out of this knowledge. Nobody supposes that the Chairman or the Directors were in it, but none the less it is certain that there was money made by somebody out of the mistake. If the Committee of the Stock Exchange had wished to inspire public confidence, they would have sent for the big jobbers in the Railway Market and have made them show their books, for then they would have seen what brokers had been the largest buyers, and from the books of these brokers they could have discovered whence the buying orders came. Armed with the powers possessed by the Committee of the Stock Exchange, we undertake to say a very serious case could, in all probability, have been made against somebody, and a flood of light let in upon a most unsavoury scandal; but, then, as a broker said to us on Thursday, very often it is better not to probe these things too far!

#### THE WESTRALIAN MARKET TRUST.

Mr. Bottomley made quite a characteristic speech at the meeting of this concern held on Wednesday last, and, as with most of his performances, it is very difficult to say whether he was poking fun or in real earnest all the time. The vision of the great Horatio sitting at the feet of Sir William Crookes and learning the scientific aspect of carrying on a finance company is quite too amusing for those who know either of the men to do anything but smile at, and we wonder we were not asked to believe that Mr. Bottomley was also learning Company Law from Mr. Davidson, and general deportment from Sir J. E. L. Spearman, whose Oxford friends still insist on calling him by the undignified name of "Joey." When the old company smashed, we said the only way to get any money back was to join the reconstruction, and in the autumn of last year, when the price of shares was between 6s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., we advised people to hold on, as they would surely see a higher quotation. To-day we really do not know whether they have reached the top or not. In all probability, with any luck, Mr. Bottomley will get them higher; that is, if a few sensational telegrams can be got from the Northern Territories, or a find of value or supposed value can be recorded from Hannan's. There will, of course, be some shuffling of the cards in the shape of amalgamations between the Associated Southern, the Associated North-Western, and some more of the Bottomley creations, which will give a few more counters to gamble with, and, in the end, there will be a fresh smash, for you cannot make gold-mines out of lizard-paddocks, nor can prices be sustained for ever on amalgamations and reconstructions; but, all things considered, we fully believe that holders of Market Trust shares will be able to get out at even better prices than those now ruling. It is a gamble on Bottomley's brains, and not a bad one.

#### INDUSTRIALS.

While the centres of speculative activity have been Yankees and Kaffirs, there is plenty doing in the Industrial Market. The directors of J. and P. Coats have screwed up their courage to prepare a splitting

scheme, but why they insist on tacking an increase (or rather, a watering) of capital to what might have been a simple operation the market does not understand. Dealings have been active in Bradford Dyers at about 5s. premium, Doulton's Preference at the same figure, Bell Ordinary at nearly 4 premium, and many other new issues. Kodaks, after being at one time 3s. premium, close at just half that figure. We hear that the famous business of Day and Martin, the blacking-makers, will shortly be converted and issued, and, with several other large concerns likely shortly to see the light, promotion appears to be as active as ever.

#### ISSUE.

The Russian Collieries and Railway Company, Limited, with a share-capital of £360,000 and a Debenture issue of £150,000, is appealing for public support. The Board is a good one, and we may say at once that, in our opinion, the Debentures, which carry interest at 6 per cent., are a first-rate second-class investment. The valuation of the properties is made by Messrs. Forster, Brown, and Rees, of Cardiff, who give £452,376 as, in their opinion, the figure at which they may be taken, while the accountants' certificate is an admirable and clear document, with no reservations. The company is to acquire collieries, coke-ovens, and a railway in South Russia, and the directors are advised that the disabilities which make it difficult for foreigners to hold oil lands in Russia do not apply to this kind of industrial enterprise. The Preference shares carry a dividend of 7 per cent. and are entitled to a further share of the profits of the enterprise after 8 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary shares; but, considering the security, we think investors would be wise to stick to the 6 per cent. Debentures.

Saturday, Jan. 28, 1899.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VERITAS.—We wrote to you on the 26th ult., and sent you the brokers' names. "Little Chats," if you look them up, will, in our opinion, pay well in the end.

A SKETCHITE.—The insurance concern is quite respectable, but new, and has no accumulated funds. No sane person would select it as a desirable office, but, if you wish to oblige a friend, it may be safe enough.

SHAMROCK.—We are not tipsters, and if we knew that any shares were safe to rise we should buy all there were in the market for ourselves. To talk of stuff like Paringa or Mount Catherine being safe to rise is pure rubbish. The whole of your list are mere gambles, as to which we have no special information.

SMALL PICA.—(1) The Machinery Trust we know, but not the company you name. (2) If you think the coming year is to be one of considerable company promotion, the shares in the financial newspaper you mention will probably do well, but a new Act which hampered the issue of new concerns would certainly reduce the value.

ABBOT.—We confirm our answer of last week. The market opinion of the Estates Company is that it is "awful rubbish."

365 NEWCASTLE.—The Hannan's concern is one of which we have a bad opinion.

W. M.—We write private letters only in accordance with Rule 5. You need not alarm yourself about the shares. (1) You have no claim to your money back; the shares were all taken up, but the underwriters were called upon to take a good many, hence the bad market. If the investment were our own, we should hold for a few months in the hope of making a small profit. (2) The selling-price of both classes of shares would come out about the price they cost you.

J. S.—A gamble, but not a bad one.

W. E. J.—We cannot read your nom-de-guerre. (1) We never knew any good come of a concern with such a Board of Directors. There are two people on it who are regular danger-signals. (2) A good Mine, but high in price. (3) One of the most likely concerns at Hannan's to improve in price. (4) Same as No. 1. (5) We would rather not give an opinion.

F. Y.—The company's accounts are made up to March 31, and the meeting will probably be held in the early part of May. The price is about 23s. 6d. We do not know what x means, unless it be x div. or x rights.

J. J. A.—We hear Hardebeck and Bornhardt are doing splendidly, and it is not likely that the directors would have paid a 7½ per cent. dividend unless they had earned a good deal more. We hold a good number of shares, and intend to go on doing so. When the *Illustrated London News* comes out, apply for some shares. We hear Nigel Deep are worth buying.

The social event of the coming week will undoubtedly be the ball to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday in aid of the Gordon College in the Sudan. The list of patrons is headed by the Duke of Richmond, who, though not himself a Gordon, holds the Dukedom of Gordon. The patronesses are legion, including seven duchesses, six marchionesses, twenty-three countesses, and a great many honourables. The Countess of Ancaster, who is one of the patronesses, is a thoroughbred Gordon, being Lord Huntly (the head of the clan's) sister. The tickets are only a guinea.